

LIFE

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THE POWERFUL HERB BROWNELL



30-INCH HORSE

20 CENTS

DECEMBER 22, 1952

*Delivering "just what
you've always wanted"—*

a TREAT instead of a TREATMENT

Old Golds

You can always give Old Golds with confidence, because: No other leading cigarette is less irritating, or easier on the throat, or contains less nicotine than Old Gold. This conclusion was established on evidence by the United States Government.





When a COLD or SORE THROAT
threatens to run through a family...

Listerine Antiseptic

Quick! for Everybody

THIS SAFE AND DELIGHTFUL precaution can often help halt a "family epidemic", or lessen its severity.

The important thing is to gargle early and often at the first hint of trouble.

Kills Surface Germs in Throat

Listerine Antiseptic attacks millions of germs called "Secondary Invaders" before they attack you... often helps forestall a mass invasion of the tissues by these potentially troublesome germs.

Actual tests showed germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% even fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle—up to 80% an hour after.

Fewer Colds for Listerine Users in Tests

This germ-killing power, we believe, accounts for Listerine Antiseptic's remarkable clinical test record against colds.

Tests made over a period of 12 years showed that those who gargled with Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds and generally had milder colds than those who did not gargle... and fewer sore throats.

At the first sign of a cold or sore throat due to a cold... it's Listerine Antiseptic for everyone. It may save your entire family a siege of trouble. Lambert Pharmacal Company Division of The Lambert Company, St. Louis 6, Missouri.



SOME OF THE "SECONDARY INVADERS"

Tests showed that even fifteen minutes after Listerine Antiseptic gargle bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces were reduced up to 96.7%; an hour afterward as much as 80%. Among bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces can be many of the "secondary invaders," some of which are shown at right. These are the very germs that can cause so much of a cold's misery when they invade the body through throat tissue.



(1) Pneumococcus Type IV, (2) Hemophilus influenzae, (3) Streptococcus pyogenes, (4) Pneumococcus Type II, (5) Streptococcus salivarius.



And to be Extra-Careful about Halitosis (BAD BREATH)

Use **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**...no matter what else you do.

Do you know why Listerine Antiseptic is better? Because the most common cause of Halitosis is germs... that's right, germs start the fermentation of proteins always present in your mouth.

Listerine kills germs that cause that fermentation... kills them by the millions. Brushing your teeth doesn't give you this antiseptic protection. Chlorophyll, chewing gums don't kill germs. Listerine does.

That's why Listerine stops Halitosis instantly... and usually for hours. That's why Listerine Antiseptic averaged four times better than the leading chlorophyll products it was tested against.

So, if you want really effective protection against Halitosis... no matter what else you may use... use an antiseptic... Listerine Antiseptic, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.

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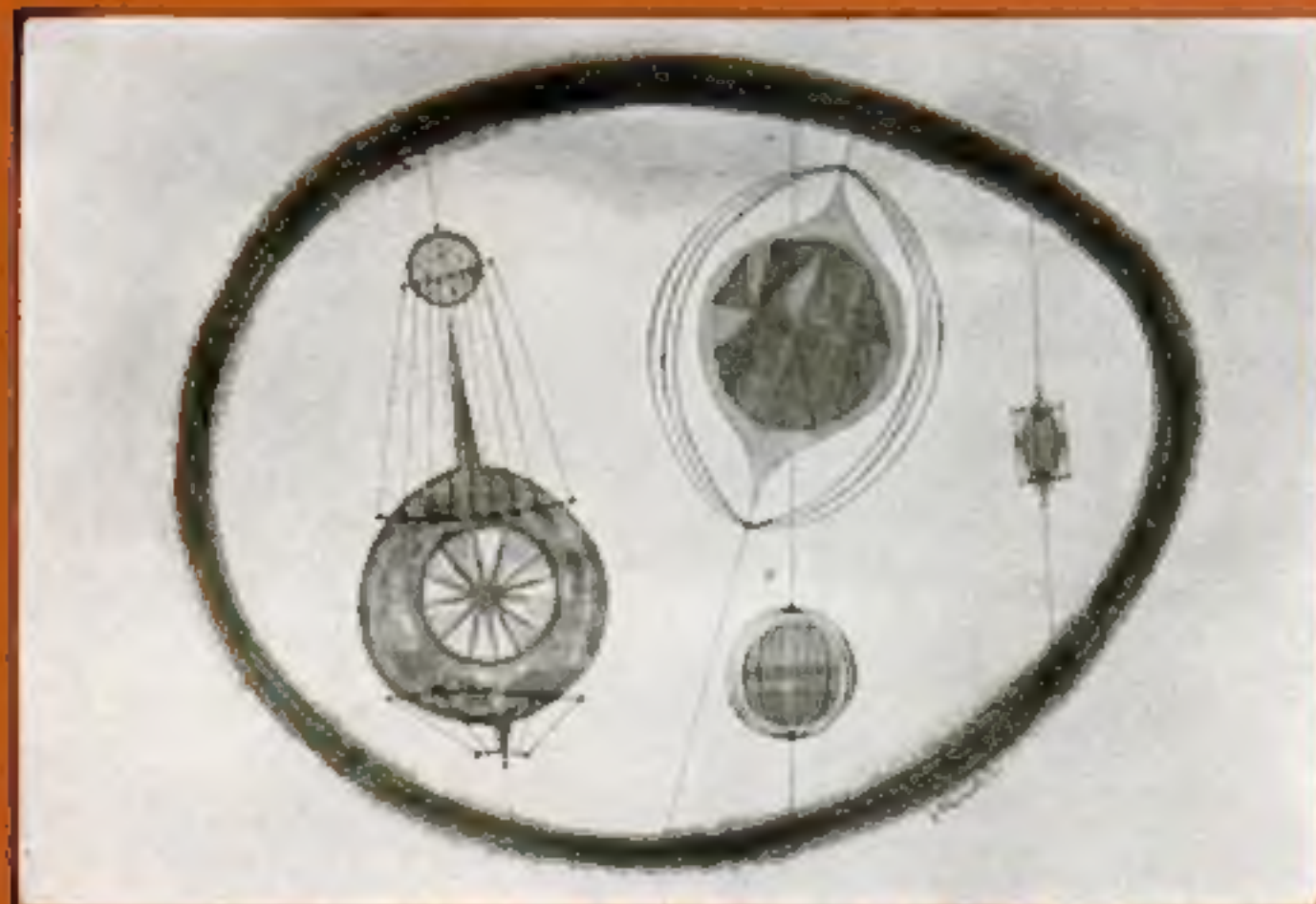
SECOND PRIZE, \$1,500



PEACEFUL EARTH BY WILLI HARTUNG OF SWITZERLAND

SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

. . . Prizewinners take a long leap from traditional designs of Christmas cards



CHRISTMAS PAST BY J. F. HLAVACEK OF WISCONSIN



ADORATION BY J. THARRATS OF SPAIN



BRILLIANT STAR BY REISS, NEW YORK

TREE BY J. PEARL OF MINNESOTA



MADONNA BY E. RET, FRANCE

THIRD PRIZE, \$1,000



CHRISTMAS COACH BY MARIA MASSIMIANI OF ITALY

FOURTH PRIZE, \$500



MOTHER AND CHILD BY JEAN-MARIE CARZOU OF FRANCE

In 1949 the Hallmark greeting card company of Kansas City held an art contest in an effort to get new designs for their Christmas cards. Some 10,000 artists sent in oil paintings of Christmas and 70 won prizes. But only 21 pictures were considered by the

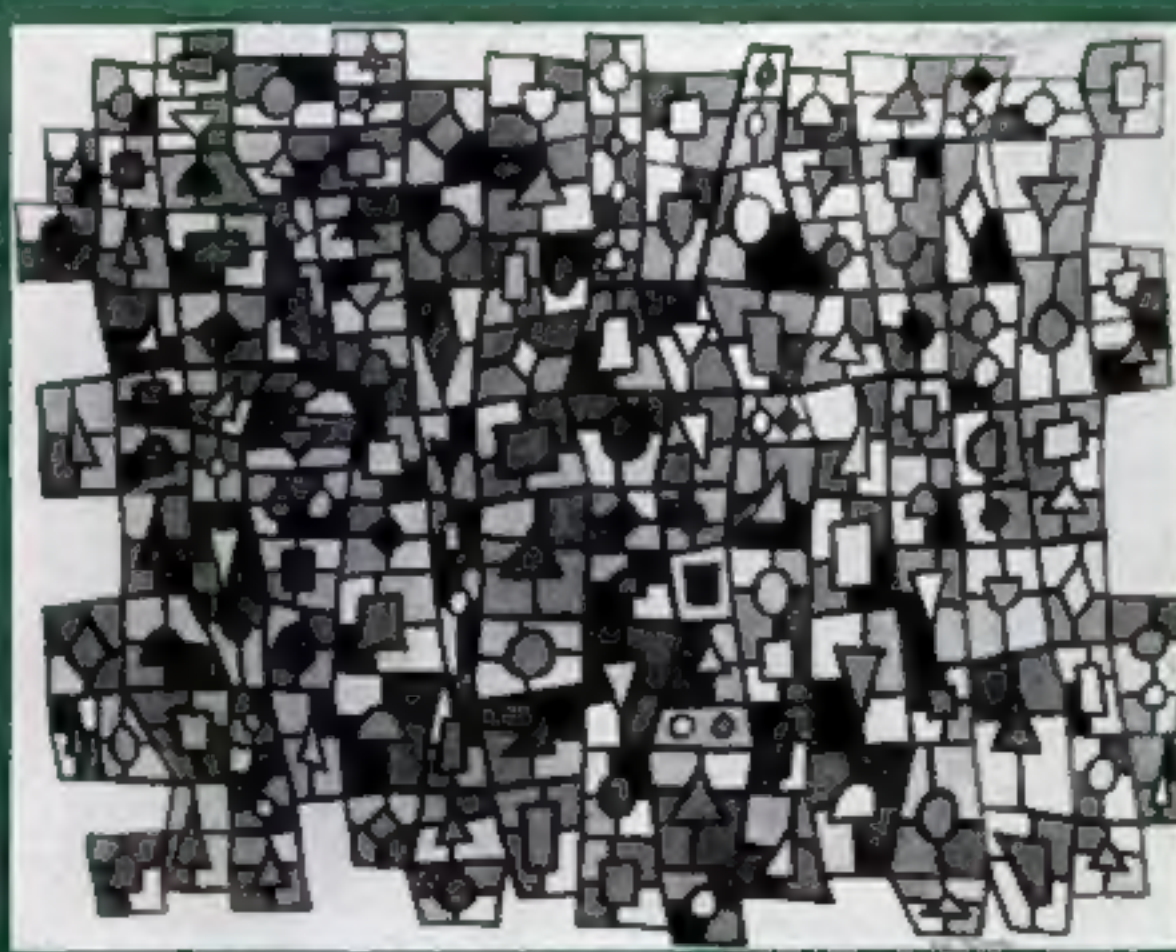
company to be suitable for Christmas cards.

Undaunted, Hallmark this year held another contest, got critics to judge 3,669 Christmas watercolors. Top winners (*above*) proved to be mildly akin to Christmas cards. But other prizes went to a bizarre array of paintings (*below*),

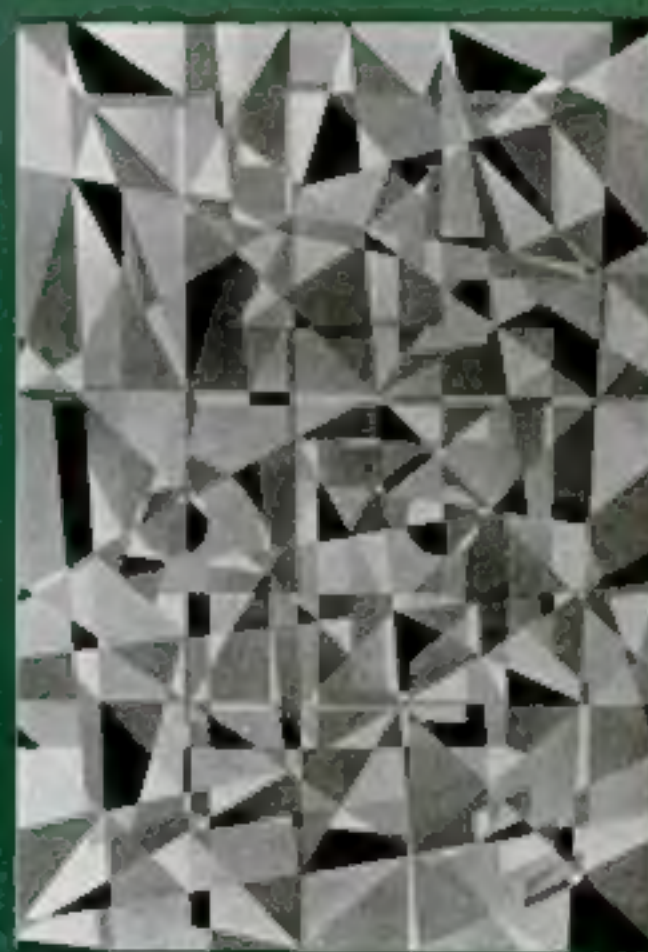
many more suggestive of linoleum or the Okefenokee swamp than of Yuletide and all about as far from the jolly old designs as Christmas cards can go. Whether these are the cards of Hallmark's future only Hallmark knows and it won't tell until 1954.



BY VREUGDENHILL OF HOLLAND



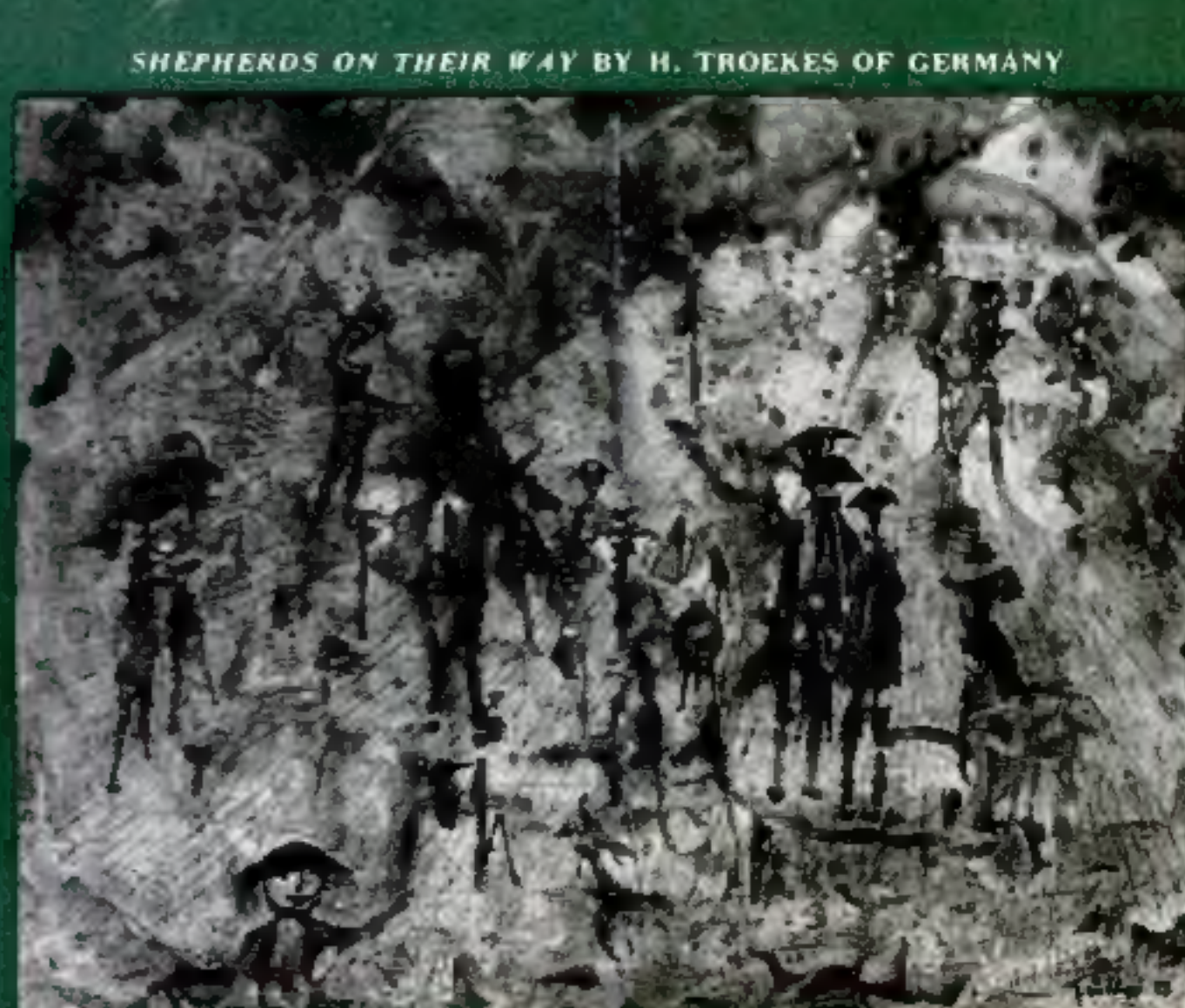
CHRISTMAS WINDOW BY I. MAJDRAKOFF OF MINNESOTA



CHURCH BY BURNETT, TENN.



THREE SHEPHERDS BY H. DISBERG OF HOLLAND



SHEPHERDS ON THEIR WAY BY H. TROEKES OF GERMANY

BURT LANCASTER

SHIRLEY BOOTH

She brings to the screen the great artistry that made her Broadway's most acclaimed actress!

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MOST PROVOCATIVE

MOTION PICTURE

ENTERTAINMENT

OF 1953 *

"If Doc gets fun out

of running

his hand

through

my hair

... what's
the harm?"

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FOR THE ACADEMY AWARD.

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Hal Wallis'
PRODUCTION

Come Back, Little Sheba

Co-starring **TERRY MOORE** with RICHARD JAECKEL • Directed by
Daniel Mann • Screenplay by Ketti Frings • Based on the original play by
William Inge • Produced on the stage by the Theatre Guild • A Paramount Picture

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Tempting And
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and your Texaco Dealer



This One



7FQE-E3Z-AF5X

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I created Santa Claus

HE'S A CHUBBY MAN with a red suit and a cold nose and a big heart, and everybody knows he isn't exactly true.

The books tell you he goes back twenty centuries and is known from the North Pole to the bottom of Africa. But the books don't say why a man who doesn't exist has been around so long and has gone so far.

Who created Santa Claus? The books don't know, but I know. I created Santa Claus. Here is my story.

I was a Roman soldier. I was assigned to the execution of a man who got into trouble with the authorities. We used to nail them to a cross in those days. When I saw this man his clothes were torn and somebody had put a crown of thorns on his head, but I knew there had been a mistake. He *couldn't* be a trouble-maker. I felt he was a man who would help anybody in trouble if they gave him a chance. So I defied my orders. I ran away. They put me in jail for it, but I've never been sorry. There was something about that man I didn't want to destroy.

I was an electrician in Philadelphia. One Sunday in May, I was fishing in the Schuylkill River and I heard a scream. I saw a boy struggling in the water, a little boy about seven. I jumped in after him. The current was strong and I was never a good swimmer. We were reaching out our hands toward each other when I drowned.

I was a German infantryman. On December 25, 1917, we were in the trenches with a few metres of mud separating us from the Americans. We'd been shooting at each other for weeks. Suddenly I found myself laying aside my rifle, and I wrapped a piece of chocolate I'd been saving for myself, and I threw it across the lines. From the enemy side, somebody threw back a can of milk. Soon we were all tossing presents back and forth, laughing and crying like madmen. You will say it was a foolish thing to do in a war. I don't know. I can't explain it.

I am Debbie White and I am in the second grade and Vilma is my best friend. Vilma moved into my block last week. Vilma doesn't speak English. So Vilma doesn't know what we are saying and we don't know what Vilma is saying, so lots of the girls laugh at her, so Vilma is my best friend.

I am many people. I am not always generous or brave or good. But sometimes I find myself swept by something stronger than self; the desire to give to others, and to do so with no thought of return.

My name is everybody.

John Hancock

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CHURCH AND SCHOOL

Sirs:

Here's hoping that all educators read and heed your editorial "The State, Schools and Sects" (LIFE, Dec. 1).

Teachers College, Columbia University, which is probably the most influential school in America today, teaches our teachers "adjustment" rather than right and wrong in the light of God's word. As a result children are taught to "adjust" to society and democracy—whether these things be good or bad.

JOHN H. WILDING

Stoney Point, N.Y.

Sirs:

It is seldom that the secular press (and I use the term not derogatively, but in its technical sense, as opposed to the religious press) is able to see the problem so calmly, clearly and objectively.

If people could only see the larger issues involved religion would assume a real role in our nation's life, and democracy would properly become a means to an end and not an end in itself.

MRS. JAMES F. MCCARTHY

University City, Mo.

Sirs:

You state that Protestant-secular alliances "threaten to make democracy itself the established religion of the schools." What better thing can they do? Only a free people can use free minds to truly find God. Democracy breeds true religion. Religion does not necessarily breed democracy. In fact, often just the opposite.

MRS. WILBURN H. RIVENBARK

Forsyth, Ga.

Sirs:

The premise of your editorial—that the separation of Church and State in our public schools is tantamount to godlessness—is unfounded, untrue and unproven. . . . What is wrong with making democracy the focal point of our school program? Is the study of democracy antithetical to any church's doctrine? You seem to suggest this. . . . Thank God our schools are secular in character.

SAMUEL PRINCE

Baltimore, Md.

● A study of and belief in democracy are antithetical to no church doctrine we know of. LIFE's editorial was concerned lest Americans become worshipers of democracy in place of God.—ED.

Sirs:

The idea that any child would form a vision of democracy as being all-powerful is absurd. After going to public schools myself I retain the notion that God is God and democracy is democracy. I have never yet met anyone who has confused the two.

MRS. HORACE CARTER II

Carmel, Calif.

Sirs:

It is important to point out that "secularism" is being misused as a mild smear word. The Roman Catholic bishops seem to make it synonymous with materialism.

But "secular" was correctly applied to the civil order established by the Founding Fathers in proper distinction to the clerical state they were resolute against. Hence Colonial citizens could be, as the bishops point out, men of decided religious sensibilities and still be secularists. . . .

History shows that the Founding Fathers argued long on the question of religious freedom and put the First Amendment in its present form with cold deliberation and the warm hope that the State-Church muddle of the Old World would not be repeated in the new.

Something needs to be done, perhaps, about our secular public-school system. But 100 years of experience has not made it clear that it should be made the instrument of any clerical interests, however lofty their aims.

Once we begin that we will have to argue all over again who is to determine what is taught and by whom. There is where we came in. . . .

EDWIN MCNEILL POTEAT
President, Protestants and Others for
the Separation of Church and State

Raleigh, N.C.

Sirs:

. . . If the school did not bulk so large in the lives of our young people, its attention to religion—or lack of it—would matter little. But an institution which absorbs most of the child's waking hours must inevitably create in his mind the impression that anything omitted from the schools is of doubtful importance.

HERMAN F. REISSIG

New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

. . . I believe that all the moaning by members of the clergy is just a lot of noise to cover up their own failures. I asked a clergyman once—when he raved on about religion and our school system—if he thought the four churches in town could have their members combine into large community meetings. The idea is certainly a Christian one (brotherhood and all that). His answer was a definite NO. Yet he expected the schools to achieve with children something which the adults considered absolutely out of the question.

FRANK WALTERS

Clymer, N.Y.

Sirs:

Your editorial appears to advise Protestants to join Catholics in forcing religion into public schools, of course seeing that Protestant children are taught Protestant dogmas. Such a conclusion can spring only from a misunderstanding of Protestantism.

Those of us today who stand against the teaching of religion in public schools are motivated not by contempt but by reverence for religion and the human soul, and by a determination to keep them free.

The state is an instrument of compulsion necessary to restrain the violence of nature and the savagery of man. Its function is to provide the physical conditions necessary to permit its citizens to seek their purpose and salvation as best they can, never to influence the road they take. The public school is an arm of the state. Its function is to give the infant mind the training in rational thought needed both in the world and in the search for truth. The weapons of the public school are those of compulsion—it enforces belief in its teachings on grammar, geography and algebra. To let it speak with similar authority on religion would be rendering unto Caesar that which belongs to God.

HARRY G. PARKE

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sirs:

. . . It is the parents who need a rebirth of religious values; then living example will perpetuate these values in the children without unfairly pegging the responsibility for this function on agencies which should not invade the private chamber of personal religion. "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God?"

EUGENE EMERSON

Rochester, N.Y.

BIGGEST CAT SHOW

Sirs:

Thanks for "LIFE Goes to the Biggest U.S. Cat Show" (Dec. 1). Photographer George Silk and all of you merit the "Best in Show" award for yourselves!

RAYMOND D. SMITH
Editor

Cats Magazine
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sirs:

I hope J. W. Blackford will get so much criticism about the cruel way he drags his cat by the leg to the cat show that he will begin to treat his poor "pets" more humanely.

LEONORE BRANDT

Cincinnati, Ohio

Sirs:

Turnabout is fair play for our cat-mauling friend Mr. Blackford! LIFE pictured him one way, I pictured him another (below).

ROBERT A. SMITH

Pasadena, Calif.



● Mr. Blackford says Siamese cats are more muscular than most. "My cat just relaxes and feels comfortable."—ED.

TYPING WITHOUT HANDS

Sirs:

I was delighted to read your story, "Man's Breath Runs Typewriter" (LIFE, Dec. 1).

Two months ago Emik invited me to be the first cerebral palsy victim besides himself to operate his typewriter. My physical limitations are quite similar to his.

At first glance the weird assortment of tubes, wires and boxes led me to believe that Emik's invention would be very hard to operate. To my amazement within 20 minutes I was typing without error. Since I have good control of my feet, I discovered that the push-button method was easier for me than the microphone system. I experienced a real feeling of independence.

GIL S. JOEL

Mount Vernon, N.Y.

Sirs:

During 1949 I contracted polio and spent eight months in a hospital. Emik Avakian was in the same ward with me. His daily words of encouragement helped me orient myself both physically and psychologically.

Emik had already perfected a typewriter idea in his mind. I helped him put some of his notes on paper by typing while he dictated and other patients also assisted.

WILLIAM E. TALLON

Glen Falls, N.Y.

LIFE'S MUSICAL ERROR

Sirs:

Re your Pearl Bailey story "Just Crazy . . . We're Happy" (LIFE, Dec. 1), that clarinet is really a crazy soprano sax. LIFE's crazy, we're happy!

GENE SIX

Dodge City, Kan.

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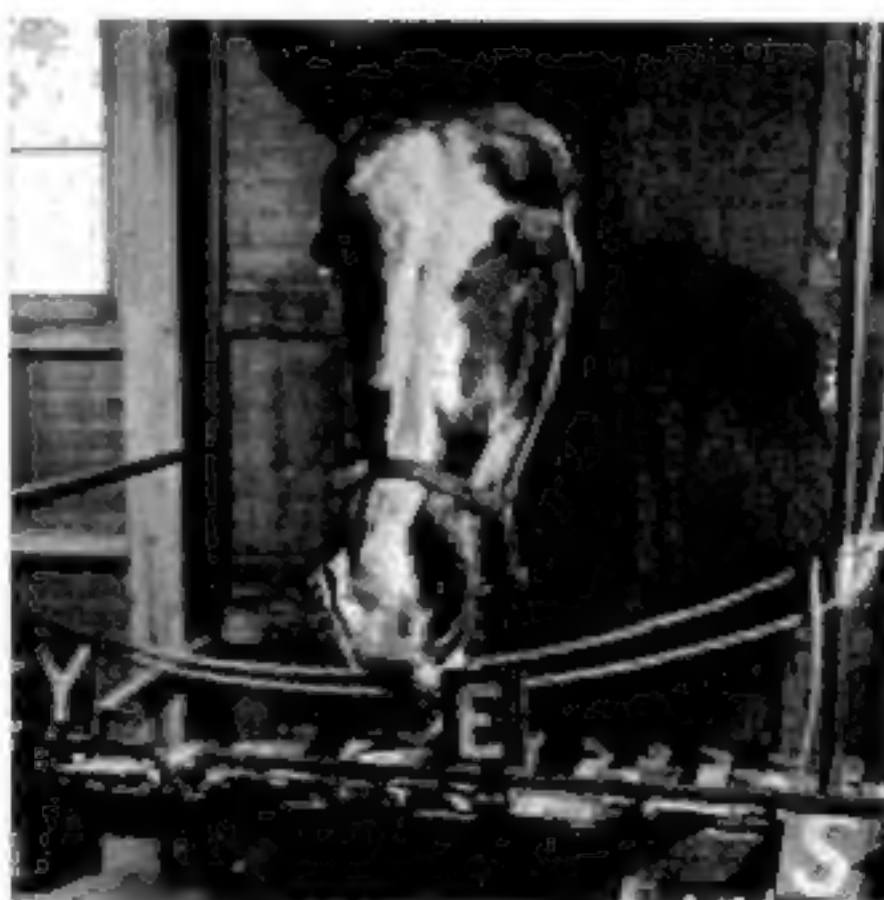
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ABOUT THE PEOPLE 'LIFE' HAS TO DISAPPOINT

There are those who, for one reason or another, expect to be seen on LIFE's pages, even on the cover, and who don't appear at all. This is because we make assignments aimed at *possible* success rather than the sure thing. If it seems that we *might* get an unusual article we take a gamble. We risk time and money, but sometimes people who help us feel, understandably, that they've been let down. There are as many reasons for a project to fail as to succeed. Our photographers may go out to cover the balloon ascension only to find that, after mighty preparations, the balloon doesn't go up. Sometimes when the balloon does go up the light fades, the camera may develop mechanical trouble and there have been times when the photographer himself failed. At other sad times subjects—or publicity people—have promised the balloon would go up and their promises have proved overoptimistic. And there are impostors going about saying they are LIFE photographers.



Sometimes, even after everything has gone right, a good story doesn't get in. Usually this is because each week we try to give you a balanced diet. It may be that a perfectly good article isn't quite so good as a similar candidate. One western movie may be more interesting than another, a sauerkraut soiree may produce better pictures than a cabbage klatsch.

Our people always try to explain in advance that the story may not be published. They don't know themselves, actually, and because they try hard they are sometimes more disappointed.

Fortunately it is possible to end all this on a happy note. Last week Photographer Hank Walker and Reporter Jim Truitt took the guesswork out of working for LIFE. They asked a clairvoyant horse in Virginia, whether her story would be in LIFE. With her unerring faculty for divining the truth, she spelled out "Yes" (left) in addition to providing the other answers shown on pages 20, 21.

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7—LT. GEORGE SILK
8—HANK WALKER
10 THROUGH 13—PETER STACKPOLE
14—DAILY GRAPHIC PICTURE SERVICE
16, 17—LT. TERENCE SPENCER—SAN FRANCISCO CALL-
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20-21—HANK WALKER EXC. CEN. NY. LABAN WHITTAKER
FOR QUINCY PATRIOT-LEDGER
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27—RALPH CRANE
28, 29—RALPH CRANE EXC. CEN. ST. PERLIA
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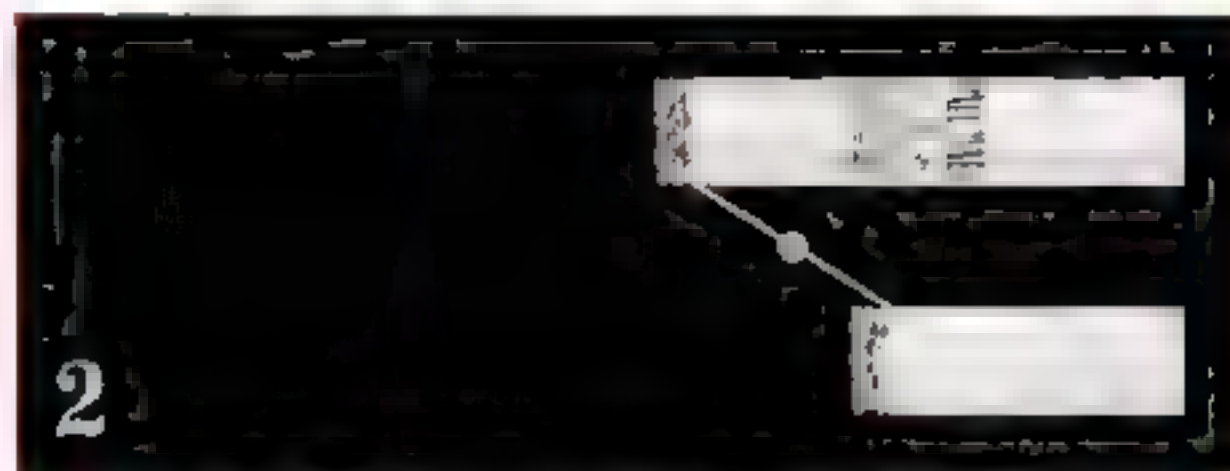
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LET A CARTON OF PALL MALLS
SAY "MERRY CHRISTMAS" FOR YOU

Outstanding...
and they are mild!



MOST PROMINENT LAST FEBRUARY WERE BLAST FURNACE (RIGHT FOREGROUND), OPEN HEARTH (LEFT)

THE STEEL-HUNGRY NATION GETS A MIGHTY NEW MILL

"Nancy, dear," Ben Fairless said last Thursday, "come on up here with grandpappy and light your furnace." So Nancy did (*next page*) and U.S. Steel's huge new Fairless plant at Morrisville, Pa. is now formally in production. For several decades or until its fire walls wear out and have to be torn down for replacing, the furnace Nancy lit will burn day and night, charged again and again with ore, coke and limestone at the top and tapped at the bottom for molten iron. Now the ore in its crucible comes from Minnesota's Mesabi Range; before this same fire goes out the charge will be ore from Cerro Bolivar, U.S. Steel's vast new deposits in Venezuela (*LIFE*, Sept. 10, 1951).

The plant that Nancy started is not only the most modern and efficient in existence; it represents the biggest single expansion the industry has made in 40 years. When Fairless hits its full stride next year, it will boost production in steel-hungry U.S. by 1.8 million tons a year and, since steel is the basis of the U.S. economy, it will boost the economy as well. The plant has nine open-hearth furnaces and two coke-oven batteries of 87 ovens apiece. The mill will turn out slabs, strips, billets, bars, sheets and pipe and will be able to manufacture cold rolled steel stock for tin-plating at

the fabulous rate of 7,000 feet a minute, or 80 miles of it an hour. Its chemical plant will make by-products for such things as DDT and perfume, aspirin and TNT.

Only 20-odd months ago the first bulldozers moved in on the truck farms along the Delaware River where the steel mill was to rise. Less than a year ago (*above*) the worst of the earth-moving was done and frameworks were rearing up. Today the plant is the heart of a huge industrial complex (*below*) with docks for ore boats, and 75 miles of railroad. Around it, to house the 6,000 workers, new houses are going up. Fairless Hills, the first to get started, has already built 1,100 and mass-builders Levitt & Sons have begun 16,000 more. On top of this, scores of new plants—among them a huge Chrysler tank plant—are moving into the area to supply Fairless or to buy its wares. Surveying all this at last week's opening ceremonies Board Chairman Fairless, for whom the works are named, made no mention of the \$450 million the plant had cost. Instead he called attention to the economic system which had built it. "This plant," he said, "has been built to serve a great national need. . . . It has been done by private industry at private risk; and every dollar that has gone into it has been our own."



FAIRLESS WORKS TODAY are 75% finished. Foreground is ore boat ship, behind it, blast furnace.

Open hearth is nine-stacked building at left, and 10-stacked building at right houses soaking pits.



NANCY FURNACE, a blast furnace named after its seven-year-old sponsor, looked like this last

LIFE

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March. Ore is loaded at top left, iron is poured off under cast house (shed at left). Exhaust gas is

cleaned of ore in dust catcher (cylinder with curved stark), washed in next cylinder, used again for fuel.



DURING CONSTRUCTION in the open hearth, welder works (*foreground*) and riggers climb aloft.

FAIRLESS WORKERS
huddled around stoves on top of a coke oven battery which they were building last February. In back of them are refractory brick which they used to line the walls of the ovens.



IN FAIRLESS HILLS
plant workers have priority. It will house 10,000, while Levittown, between Fairless and plant (center, background), will grow to 65,000 and become 10th biggest town in the state.

NANCY FAIRLESS, 7,
stands by her grandfather Ben holding steel lighter she used to light the fuse (sparking, at right) which lit the furnace. At left is her sister, Carol, 5, and plant head A. J. Berdis.





FIRST STEEL floods forth in a gout of flame at open hearth furnace number one as audience—mostly U. S. Steel boys and their friends—stands to applaud.

This flow was started by Fairless's granddaughter Carol, who pushed a button that launched a rocket that knocked out a plug that had held the steel in check.

Neither the Wagner nor Taft-Hartley Acts ever created good labor-management relations. Laws can't enforce industrial peace any more than they can make happy marriages. Human relations seldom improve from imposed collaboration. Nevertheless they do improve; and here's a good case history to prove it.

The Lapointe Machine Tool Co. of Hudson, Mass. is the subject of a new "case study" by the National Planning Association. The Lapointe story started when Jack Ali, head of the Steelworkers' local there happened to read an article by John Chamberlain in *LIFE* (Dec. 23, 1946) entitled "Every Man a Capitalist." The Steelworkers had just organized Lapointe, and there had been a long and bitter strike. Chamberlain's article told how union and management at the Adamson Co., a small maker of steel tanks in Ohio, had got together around a remarkable plan which had more than doubled productivity.

Inspired, Ali went to his executive committee, thence to management. They listened to the author of the Adamson plan, Joseph N. Scanlon, a former labor leader now on the industrial relations staff of M.I.T. Today Lapointe is Exhibit A for the advantages of the "Scanlon Plan," which, while

no panacea, is one of the most hopeful developments in recent labor-management relations.

The economic heart of the Scanlon Plan is a swap. Management gives labor an incentive for great productivity by guaranteeing that the whole work force will actually profit from labor savings. The union recognizes the company's right to profit from better use of its assets. Though plenty tough in their own interests, the Lapointe workers have come to share management's interest in sales and costs. At meetings on joint production problems, says the N.P.A., "an outsider has difficulty in distinguishing management from union. People concentrate on the problem." It has paid off for both sides; the workers get above-average income and Lapointe enjoys a better competitive position in the industry.

It is easy enough to say that management and labor have mutual interests. Of course they have. The trick is for a specific union and a specific management to locate that mutuality and put it to work. When Scanlon plans are no longer news, we shall have licked the great problem of the industrial age, how to tame the machine for liberty and democracy. No socialistic regime can ever do half so well by force what free men do voluntarily. That is freedom's secret weapon.

HERETICS OR CONSPIRATORS

When Dwight Eisenhower comes to grips with the problem of U.S. Communism, we hope that he and his aides will not neglect two sources of light on the subject. The first is Philosopher Sidney Hook, who has written about Communism as fully and sensibly as any other American since the start of the cold war.

Discussing the problem of civil liberties and political beliefs, Hook 2½ years ago posed the right question: is it conspiracy or is it heresy? If it can be proved that any citizen has conspired to overthrow the government (as the Smith Act prosecutions of leading Communists seem to be proving), then he should be punished. But heresy is no crime in this country; it is every citizen's guaranteed right. A heretic is an individual who swims against the tide of generally accepted belief. Heretics may be, and often are, somewhat nuts; on the other hand some of the greatest men in history have been heretics, from Socrates to William Lloyd Garrison. The heretic has no inherent right to a job, least of all a government job. But whatever we may think of his heresy, he is entitled to his beliefs and to protection in holding them candidly and publicly. Communists refuse to meet this test of public candor; that is what makes them conspirators.

The other source of light is a recently published little book called *Report on the American Communist* by Morris Ernst and David Loth, for which the authors interviewed about 300 former party members. Many of their findings are startling. A majority of the rank and file have not only joined but left the Communist party by the time they have reached 23. The typical American Communist belongs for two or three years only. As a result, although the party currently has only about 30,000 members, there are something like 700,000 ex-members in the U.S.

Whereas the party leadership and its "hard core" are mostly proletarian or foreign born, the youngsters who form the majority of the Communist rank and file do not come from working class families. They are mostly native-born whites, many of them brought up in luxury. Many of the boys were in revolt against aggressive fathers who were conservative in

politics. Many of the girls had developed a thing about not being beautiful and complained of their overwhelming mothers. Love was sometimes a powerful recruiting agent. Though there is not a Communist under every bed, there has been a bed under many a Communist.

Such bookish, maladjusted youngsters were, in the main, idealistic when they joined. When disillusion comes, the young Communist has a tough time trying to get up enough nerve to make the break, for he is torn between fear of party blackmail and dread of the brand society may put on him for having been a Communist. Ernst and Loth contend that the party's membership could be enormously reduced, almost overnight, if members could feel assured that they wouldn't be persecuted after cutting the tie. There are organizations for helping ex-convicts to rehabilitate themselves. Why shouldn't more public-spirited citizens lend ex-Communists a hand?

Harry Truman deserves credit for standing up to Communism overseas—after his eyes were opened—but in trying to cope with it here at home he often seemed like a man enmeshed in flypaper. For a time it looked as though his administration were trying deliberately to block the Alger Hiss case from ever being brought to trial. Then there were the strange ineptitudes of the loyalty program, and finally the sorry case of Charlie Chaplin.

Why is the Administration threatening to prevent Chaplin from returning to the home he has lived in for the past 40 years? Attorney General McGranery seems to suspect him of being "unsavory." If he means morally unsavory, many an alien denizen of Hollywood will not dare to go abroad again. If he means politically unsavory, then the conspiracy-heresy test becomes applicable. The law is pretty clear against conspirators. Unless Chaplin can be proved to be one, then the Europeans who are howling at our cultural barbarity on his account are right. On the reasonable assumption that Chaplin, like so many Hollywood actors, is just politically childish, we hope Attorney General Brownell will dispose of his case in a few well chosen words, preferably a joke.



AN INDOMITABLE GOALIE IN A RECORD FOG

In the circumstances, it was understandable that Goalkeeper Gerula of Walthamstow had only the foggiest idea of what was going on as his team met Watford in a British Football Association Cup match. Somewhere downfield the ball, Gerula's opponents and his teammates were lost from sight in London's worst fog on record. Elsewhere across the city, traffic stalled dead, streetlights were invisible beyond 35 yards and

even the ducks got lost from their pond in Green Park and went quacking disconsolately through the streets. But in the tradition of British sports, the game had to go on (just as the Oxford-Cambridge cross-country race had to go on with marshals calling, "This way! This way!" to mark the course in scant five-yard visibility). Lonesome but still alert, Goalkeeper Gerula missed only once in the mist and the game ended in a 1-1 tie.



TORNADO IN AFRICA obliterated the mud huts of Albertsville. Said one of the survivors walking

about the shambles next day, *above*: "The air was filled with flying tin roofs." White rescuers, few of

whom had ever been in a Negro village, found town had no sanitation or lighting. A thousand survivors

TOLL OF WIND, FOG AND SNOW

While London groped through its record fog (*preceding page*), seasonal furies were wreaking spectacular havoc across the world from South Africa to San Francisco. Outside Johannesburg, a late spring tornado smashed flat the shabby shacks of Albertsville, a Negro and half-caste squatter settlement (*above*). Within minutes Bronx-born Mayor Hymie Miller of

Johannesburg led hundreds of whites to the rescue of more than 4,000 homeless. Through a terror-filled night they succored the 400 injured, gave blood, fed the living, helped to retrieve the bodies of at least 20 dead. For a little while the bitterness of *apartheid*, the racial segregation law of the land, was erased and Negroes cheered a white man in Albertsville.

FOG IN SAN FRANCISCO sent motorship *Fernstream* stern first beneath waters of San Francisco

Bay after collision with freighter *Hawaiian Rancher*, which, though gashed and dented, limped into port.

SNOW IN THE SIERRA blocked highways, left an extra hazard on road near Mount St. Helens. When





were moved to army bungalows—with lights and water—at nearby Lenz. Rest camped on the veld.

In the U.S. 100-mile-an-hour winter winds crumpled the nation's highest television antenna not far from Salt Lake City. Snow and an unusual traffic hazard (*below*) blocked California's mountain roads, while in San Francisco Bay 53 crewmen and passengers were saved from a Norwegian freighter which was rammed and sunk in a blinding December fog.

explosives truck stalled in the dark, highway patrols led convoys of jittery motorists (*below*) safely past.



WIND IN UTAH blew KSL-TV's telecasting tower into twisted junk, missing shack and two engineers

by only 20 feet. Perched on 9,120-foot Coon Peak, 300-foot tower was topped by a 370-foot antenna.



THIS IS THE BIDONVILLE (LITERALLY A "TIN-CAN TOWN"), THE TUMBLE-DOWN HOME OF 600,000 ARABS IN CASABLANCA AND BREEDING PLACE OF HATRED.



RIOT SQUAD of French-directed Arab policemen deals with rioter during Casablanca street roundup.

FROM SHACKS TO SAVAGERY

The North African protectorate of French Morocco last week erupted in a molten fury of riot and massacre. It was touched off, ostensibly, when the French authorities tried to forestall a strike called by a Communist-dominated Arab union to mourn the murder of an Arab labor leader in Tunisia, 1,000 miles away. In an hour-long battle, guns against knives and stones, police and French troops in Casablanca

fought Arab mobs up to 10,000 strong. Arab hands dragged a French official from his car and murdered him, stoned two young cyclists to death, left the bodies of three other Frenchmen so mutilated they could not be identified. With seven French and 70-odd Arabs dead, the French, ruthlessly cracking down, locked up Communist and Istiqlal (Nationalist) leaders, rounded up another 1,000 Arab hotheads



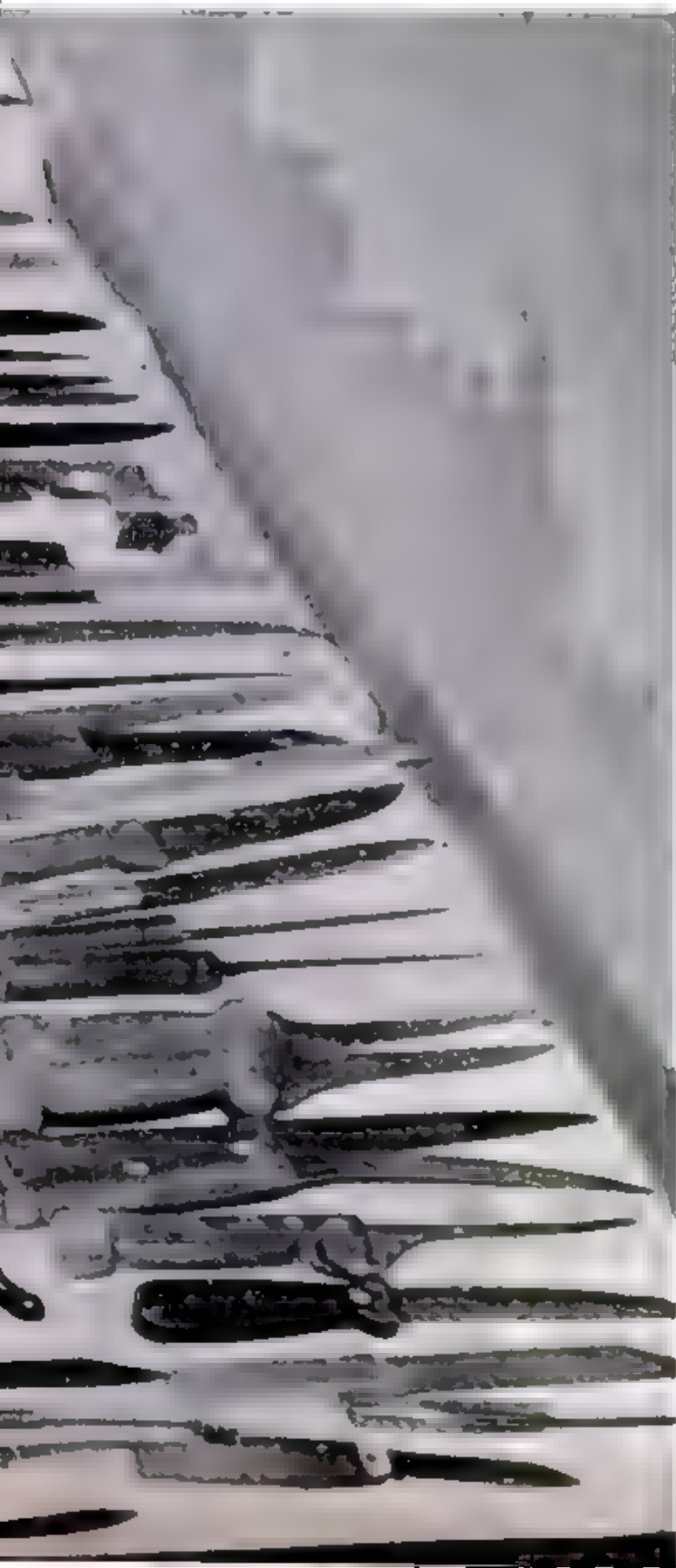


WHERE THE MOST VIOLENT RIOTING TOOK PLACE

Arab daggers spring from slums to fight French rule in Morocco

and impounded a terrifying arsenal (*below*).

But, even as Casablanca subsided uneasily, violence flared up again in Rabat, the Moroccan capital. Behind the uprising was the attempt of Arab nationalists with Communist help to further their case for independence, which is now before the U.N. by tapping the deep reservoir of resentment that seethes, ever ready, in the squalid slums where Arabs live.



← **ARAB ARSENAL** was collected by police from the first 500 rioters they arrested. Some prisoners told police that agitators recently handed out the weapons, saying, "You will soon have use for these."

FRENCH DEAD—four who could be identified—are buried from Casablanca cathedral. A crowd of at least 5,000 French mourners shouted, "Vive la France!" but booed as Moroccan anthem was played.



LADY, A CLAIRVOYANT MARE, SOLVES PROBLEMS, GIVES



LADY WONDER, carrying her 27 years with dignity comes ambling in from the field to go through a question-and-answer session in her "work stable."

LADY'S FEATS are advertised by sign on the roadside in southern suburbs of Richmond. Tourists queue up by the dozens outside of the stable.



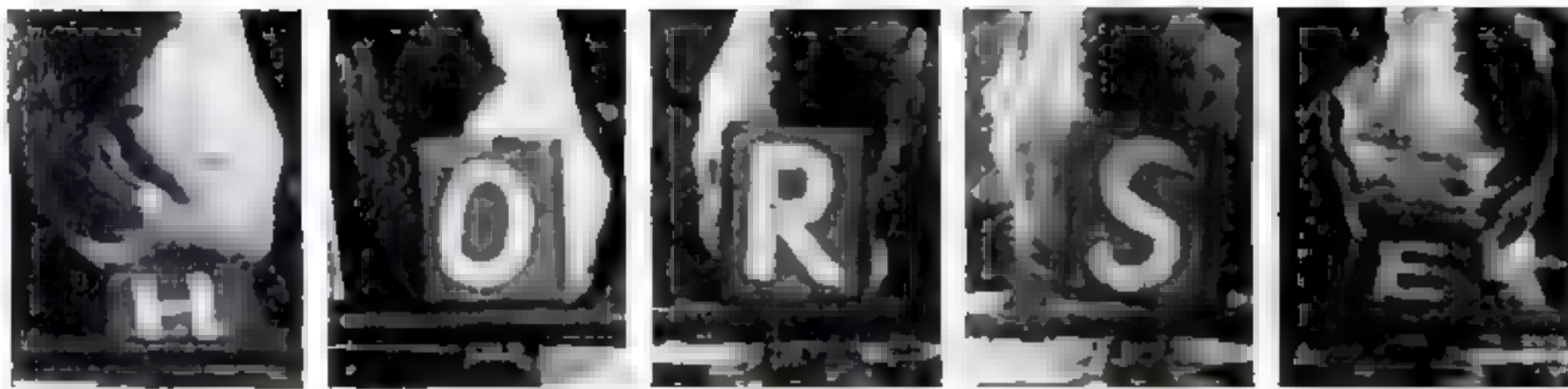
Back in 1925 Mrs. Claudia Fonda of Richmond, Va. purchased an ordinary-looking two-week-old filly named Lady. She treated her in general like an ordinary horse until one day she was struck by an unusual phenomenon. Lady didn't wait to come running until she had been called; she came running as soon as Mrs. Fonda thought of calling her. By the time she was two years old Lady had learned to count and how to spell words with children's blocks. She could even spell words she had never heard (out loud, anyway) before. One day she spelled out the word "engine" and a minute later a tractor came down the road.

The young mare's fame spread through Richmond, especially after she correctly predicted the outcome of the Dempsey-Sharkey fight in 1927. Though she never acquired the mathematical powers of the Arabian horse who could solve such problems as $8 \times 4 + \sqrt{3}$ she could do simple arithmetic, identify ladies' maiden names and foretell the sex of unborn infants. Dr. J. B. Rhine, the respected authority on extrasensory perception, visited her and was convinced she had genuine telepathic powers. Year after year Lady Wonder would stand in front of a rudimentary typewriter and poke its keys with her nose, to make large letters and figures jump up, giving answers to thousands of personal and mathematical questions—three for a dollar.

In 1940, when Lady was 15, LIFE reported she had lost her psychic powers and had "probably declined to being mere horse and a pretty



LADY'S FRIEND, Mrs. Julius Bokkon, always asks her opinion in important decisions of her life.

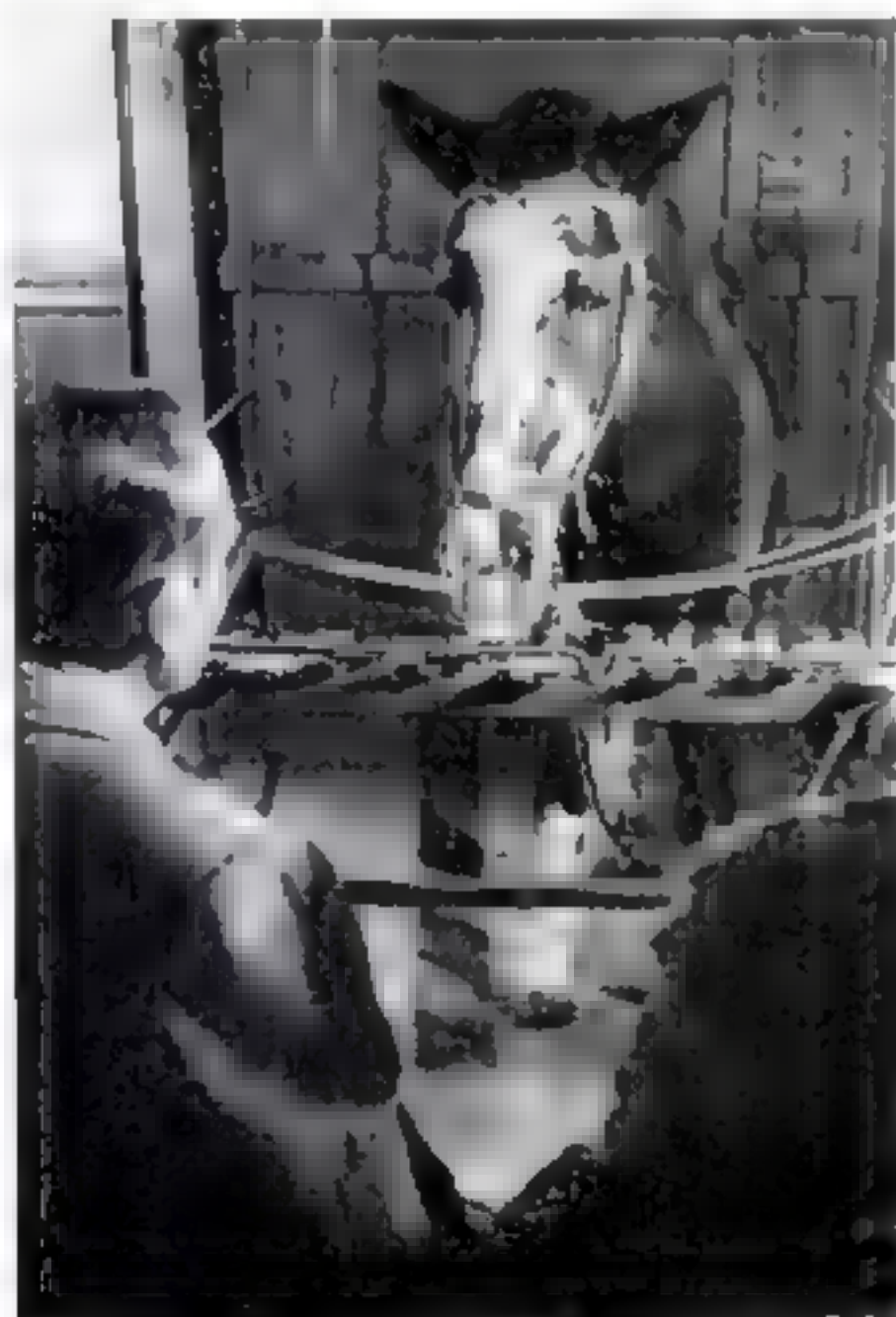
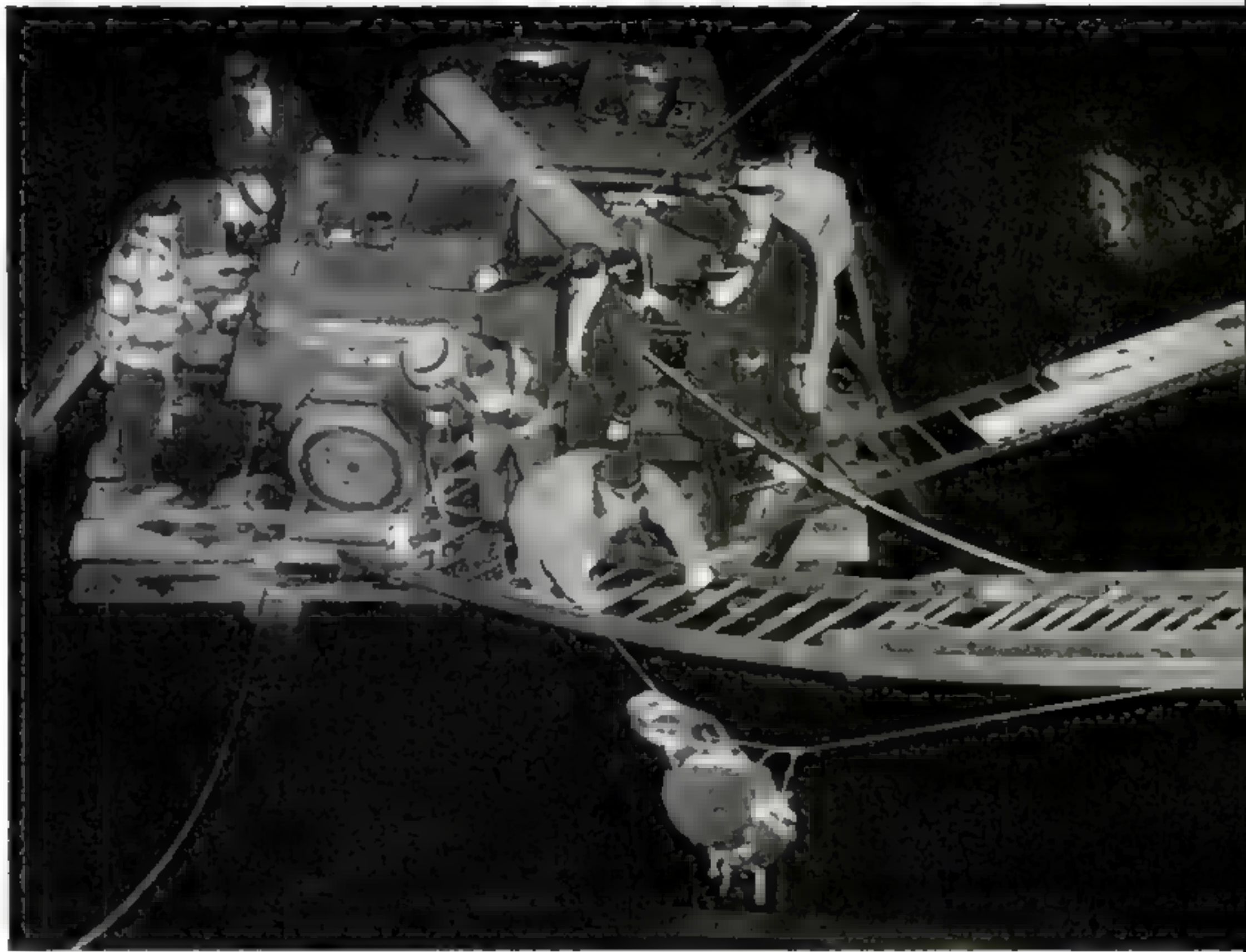


ADVICE AND WRITES A HEADLINE FOR 'LIFE' (ABOVE)

decrepit one at that." LIFE was, to say the least, grievously premature.

A couple of weeks ago, aged a Methuselan 27, Lady Wonder was back in the national news. A friend of the district attorney of Norfolk County, Mass. went to see her, on a hunch, to ask her for news of a little boy who had been missing for months. She answered: "Pittsfield Water Wheel." A police captain figured out that this was a psychic misprint for "Field and Wilde Water Pit," an abandoned quarry. Sure enough, that is where the boy's body was found.

National publicity descended on Lady Wonder, who had to hire a press agent. (Mrs. Fonda did the hiring, asked Lady first, "Is this man honest?" and got the answer, "Yes.") Last week a LIFE photographer and reporter went to Richmond. They discovered that Lady Wonder was not infallible (she said the Giants had won the last World Series) but she gave out information freely. She revealed who would win the Bowl games (Wisconsin, Texas, Mississippi). She told a Massachusetts businessman where he could get a \$200,000 loan (she tapped out "Heancock," presumably a misspelling for the John Hancock insurance company). She told a Los Angeles newspaperman the true sex of the "grandmother bandit" now operating there (male). She gave the LIFE crew a headline for their story (above). But she was something less than cordial about it all; when a lady asked her "How do you like what you do?" she pecked back "Don't."



LADY'S SKILL at mathematics is revealed as she briskly adds 7 and 6. The 1 is out of sight at the left.



SEARCHERS for a missing boy pull him up from the bottom of the Massachusetts quarry to which they had been directed by a tip from Lady Wonder.

LADY'S ADVICE on where to get a loan directs Massachusetts real estate man, Albert Zimmerman, to an insurance company. Mrs. Fonda is at the right.

LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD

Truman and MacArthur trade taunts, GIs get 'iron pants,' and mommy kisses Santa two million times



MACARTHUR AT THE N.A.M. BANQUET



TRUMAN BEFORE A PRESS CONFERENCE

A 'clear and definite' plan

Judging by their behavior last week, neither Harry Truman nor Douglas MacArthur had noticed that the election was over. At a banquet in New York, MacArthur dramatically announced that he had "a clear and definite" solution to the Korean war. But, he added petulantly, no one had asked him for it. Next day President-elect Eisenhower radioed MacArthur from the Pacific, proposing a meeting. In accepting, MacArthur said it was the first sign of "official interest in my counsel." At this Harry Truman blew up like a two-stage rocket. On Wednesday he said it was MacArthur's duty to submit his plan, if any, to the White House at once. On Thursday he said he doubted MacArthur had any plan, and added that he once went 14,000 miles to seek the general's counsel and got nothing but a lot of misinformation. Speaking of generals, Truman went on, Ike's trip to Korea was merely political demagoguery. By thus outdoing MacArthur in petulance, Truman not only failed to ruffle Eisenhower but provoked so much public resentment that his valid arguments were lost.

On Jan. 1 a new republic will join the world's family of nations. It is Maldives, a collection of 10,000 coral islets lying 400 miles southwest of Ceylon. Maldives has a total population of 90,000, a capital island (Male) three miles around, and two automobiles. The Maldivians elected to have a republic after the last in an 800-year-old line of sultans died early this year.

How much does Ford make?

Business commentators have always been fascinated by a big and seemingly unanswerable question: how much money does the Ford Motor Co. make? The answer has been elusive because Ford, as a family-owned corporation,

does not have to file detailed financial statements. Last week the *Wall Street Journal* took a flier at the problem, reporting that Ford's profits after taxes in 1951 were \$87 million. Henry Ford II promptly said this figure was incorrect. But he did not say by how much nor did he deny the *Journal's* statement that Ford is the second largest enterprise in the automotive industry—topped only by General Motors.

Add millennial signs: At a hearing last week on a new minimum wage law for restaurant workers the president of the New York State Culinary Workers and Bartenders' Union, Patrick Geraci, came out flatly for the abolition of tipping.

Segregation in the schools

The Supreme Court is pondering one of the most important decisions it has been asked to make in recent years. That is the question of whether racial segregation in schools is constitutional. It reached the Supreme Court as the result of a federal court decision in 1951 upholding segregation in South Carolina. That verdict and similar ones in Kansas, Virginia and the District of Columbia were appealed by Negro groups. In a related case Delaware is trying to upset a decision by its state supreme court outlawing segregation. Arguments in all five cases were completed last week, but the high court decision, which will affect schools in 17 states besides the ones directly involved, is not expected until spring.

After a good many false starts over the years, Tin Pan Alley finally has managed to put sex in Santa Claus. The victory is entitled I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus and, recorded by two moppets, it has sold over two million copies for Columbia and Capitol.

Armor for the battle line

One of the major morale handicaps to troops in the field is fear of a sexually incapacitating wound of the lower abdomen or groin. Now both the Marine Corps and the Army, which have had good success in Korea with armored vests (LIFE, March 24), are preparing to outfit their fighting men with "iron pants." A Marine model (below) has been tested in Korea, and the Army is about to send 1,000 pairs to the battle line. Like the vests, the pants are made of laminated nylon duck. They will not stop rifle fire but will deflect mortar fragments.



A MARINE IN KOREA TRIES NEW ARMOR



MARTIN (LEFT) AND SHERRILL

A new leader for Protestants

Meeting in Denver for its second general assembly, the National Council of Churches of Christ in the U.S.A. (LIFE, Dec. 25, 1950) did its best to ignore a protest by fundamentalist sects against the Council's Revised Standard Version of the Bible (LIFE, Oct. 20). More constructively the council welcomed as its 30th denominational member the Greek Orthodox Church. Then it installed Methodist Bishop William C. Martin of Dallas, Texas (above) as its new president, to succeed Protestant Episcopal Bishop Henry Knox Sherrill.

It is traditional for the U.S. GI, when feeling too put-upon, to remark, "Next they'll want our blood." This will get no laughs in France, where a bill now before the Assembly will, if approved, subject unlucky Pierre to blood donations as part of his military service.

The plight of the prairie chicken

Unless something is done about it, the ubiquitous prairie chicken may soon share the fate of the once-numerous passenger pigeon: become extinct. The National Wildlife Federation says the birds are dying out rapidly for lack of undisturbed grasslands, and it has appointed a National Committee on the Prairie Chicken to try to save them.

New York calls its 19,000 policemen "the finest," but the Institute of Public Administration says they aren't. Reporting to a mayor's committee last week, the institute rated the police of Milwaukee, Detroit, St. Louis, Cincinnati and Los Angeles above the New Yorkers. Mayor Impellitteri promptly reassured his cops. "You're still the finest," he told them.

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"In spaghetti sauce, it's good! As a base for a spaghetti fix, boiled sauce I use Campbell's Tomato Soup, just as it comes from the can."



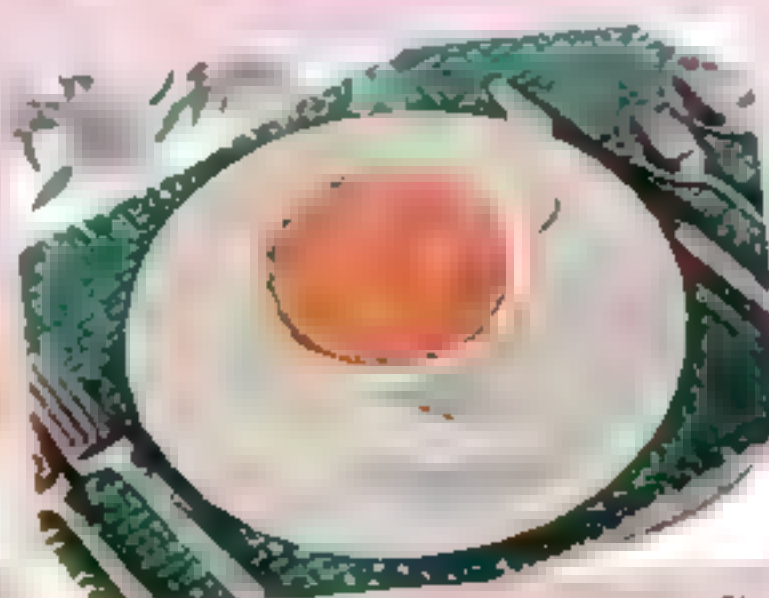
"My husband comes home for lunch. He takes a meat or cheese sandwich with a bowl of hot soup... and his favorite soup is tomato."



"I take it just as it comes from the can, season to taste, and pour over hamburgers, fish and oysters. It's delicious!"



"I make a grand cream of tomato by preparing Campbell's Tomato Soup with milk instead of water. It's extra nourishing!"



"When company comes, there's no nicer way to welcome them to the dinner table. It's appetizing and it helps dress up the meal."



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TOMATO SOUP





THROUGH THE WOOD TO GRANDFATHER'S HOUSE

Over the river, and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we go;
The horse knows the way,
To carry the sleigh,
Through the white and drifted snow
Lydia Maria Child



Through the wood to Grandfather's house

Once upon a time, when an orange was something you found once a year in a stocking "hung by the chimney with care," you only saw your relatives on certain fixed great occasions. Christmas Day was such a time, at the start of the century. Mother stuck her long hatpin through her brown toque with the pink velvet roses; Father wore his stickpin and gold watch-fob; Sister buttoned on her new shoes, with the scalloped buttonholes.

You were on your best behavior; only the very youngest dared to wiggle while Grandpa, solemn in his whiskers, said a long and thorough blessing before he carved. So you sat primly, hands in lap, smelling the turkey-dressing sharp with sage, and hoping anxiously for the wishbone. You ate plum pudding until they stopped you.

After dinner, you had to keep quiet. The groaning adults lay spraddled about, heads dozing on the white antimacassars on the horsehair-stuffed furniture. So you looked at stereoscope pictures of Niagara Falls, or watched the tiny snowstorm in the crystal ball.

Or, the very best of all, you set up the cardboard soldiers in serried ranks for a popgun war. The bearded Russian soldiers all looked like the Czar, and the American soldiers were Rough Riders like Teddy Roosevelt—and you lost the cork somewhere under Uncle Charley.

You had a fine time—a few times a year. Travel was just too difficult. You had to get up in the dark and take a streetcar ride to the railroad station and then spend hours on a train before you were met by sleigh or buggy at the other end. A day's fun meant heavy expense and long preparations and hard work; life had not yet been revolutionized by Henry Ford.

For the first men of motors were great liberators. They freed men and women from the drudgery and the tedium and the isolation of Victorian living; their revolution made modern living possible. The little fragile handmade model that Henry Ford steered over Detroit streets had the toughness of a great idea—and the idea came to be a way of life for our time.

That way is the American Road—a road that is physically more than three million miles long, in terms of actual highway mileage. In terms of the change in our lives it is beyond reasonable measurement—the time and the money saved, the sheer hard labor that the automobile has done away with for millions of people cannot even be estimated.

The American Road is a highway without an end, but it is something more than macadam; it is a path toward peace and progress and a better life for men and women everywhere. Ford Motor Company believes in the American Road.

Ford Motor Company

FORD • LINCOLN • MERCURY CARS • FORD TRUCKS AND TRACTORS

Today, the automobile makes the family reunion convenient; people measure distance in minutes, not miles.



What men want for Christmas 1952

Here, according to a nationwide panel of merchandising experts, are gifts men would really like for Christmas.

High on the list is fine whiskey—always sure to be welcomed. And none more welcome than Hunter, in its sprightly gift carton. For Hunter is superbly smooth and magnificently flavorful. Outstanding for excellence since 1860, no other whiskey could be so welcome at Christmas!



HUNTER-WILSON DISTILLING CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY. BLENDED WHISKEY 86.8 PROOF 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.



A 14-STORY WOLKENKRATZER—"CLOUDSCRAPER"—DOMINATES CURVE OF BUILDINGS AT STALINALLEE'S WESTERN END. WORKERS ARE FINISHING UP ROOF

UNCLE JOE'S MIRACLE MILE IN RED BERLIN

On an East Berlin street fawningly renamed Stalinallee, German Reds were ready this week to dedicate—on Dec. 21—a formidable birthday gift to their absentee Russian boss. Joseph Stalin's remembrance from Soviet Berlin, brought near enough to completion to be presentable by a desperate speed-up that kept German men and women toiling day and night in the December cold, is a \$12 million Iron Curtain version of the miracle mile.

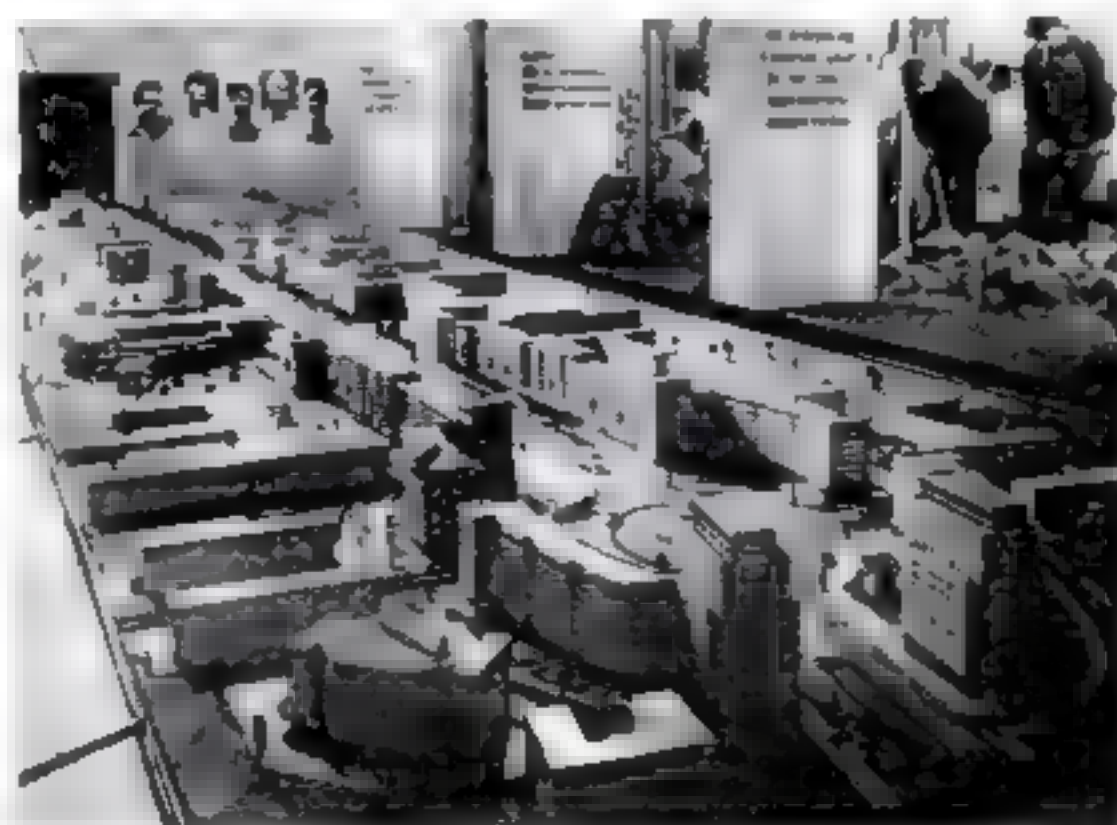
Stalinallee is a clifflike complex of 46 buildings, seven to 14 stories tall, styled with a mixture of monolithic heaviness and gingerbread decoration sometimes called "Moscow modern." The project, centering around a gigantic Sports Palace, comprises 150 shops and 2,600 apartments. The apartments constitute almost the only new housing erected in Soviet Berlin since the war and contrasts with the unreconstructed parts of East Berlin all around it.

"Stalinallee will be the cornerstone of socialism in Berlin," bragged East Germany's deputy premier, Walter Ulbricht, when the project got under way a year ago in a drumfire of propaganda which has never abated. To finance this Soviet showpiece and keep its budget down, the National Reconstruction Program, an East German version of a Russian five-year plan, chivied East Germans into giving their time and money in exchange for long-odds chances of moving into one of

the new apartments. For 300 hours of labor a worker got a lottery ticket entitling him to a chance in the grand drawing of leases on Dec. 31. The same chance was given for a "loan" of 3% of his year's income. The gimmick in the architectural confidence game was that many thousands of tickets will go into the lottery barrel, while only 1,000 of the 2,600 apartments will be put up as prizes. Who will get the others has not been announced by the party bosses. Although rents are scheduled as low as \$4.20 monthly for a four-room unit, the prizes began to lose their tempt-

ing glitter with disclosure that 60% of the dwelling units will have only two rooms, far too small to accommodate the average German family.

Still, Red pride in the project was such that Gerhart Eisler, the Communist who fled the U.S. to become East Germany's propaganda minister, broke into a recklessly un-Communist show of hospitality toward the West. When a LIFE team, expecting to be refused as everybody else had been, asked permission to photograph Stalinallee, Eisler surprisingly answered, "Why not?" He even provided three genial guides who, taking LIFE on an unrestricted tour, kept officious East German Volkspolizei away while the photographs on the following pages were taken, including those of the project's big ballyhoo and its slipshod building methods.



MODEL OF HOW ALLEE WILL LOOK STANDS IN SPORTS PALACE



POINTING WITH PRIDE, arrow singles out North A for 24 hours of honor under an inscription bragging that "Our building block is victor of the day." Lower inscription says, "We are building the first socialist street," a slogan repeated throughout Stalinallee to keep up enthusiasm of construction crew.



SILENT OVERSEER, 25-foot statue of Stalin with red star, looks down on mason, wearing bowler trademark of craft, tamping bricks in boulevard.



HUMAN PACK HORSE hoists a 140-pound Rückentrage (back yoke) full of cement. Reds said—falsely—mechanization had outmoded this job.



BOOSTER BEAR totes bricks and balances a building, as sign urges, "It is not hard, so growls the bear, so keep in step and build with us."



WORKERS' HERO is Aktivist Johannes Blender, who won \$360 for inventing new crane, no longer works with hands but is example for others.



FOR LESS THAN 10¢ AN HOUR, UNSKILLED WOMEN SHOVELERS LEVEL DIRT

WITH BOOTS AND BOOSTERISM

To get Stalinallee up in time, the Communists blended the devices of "boosterism" with the tactic of booting people into doing the work. In the beginning 45,000 eager East Berliners volunteered and scrambled through the rubble to salvage 35 million of the 60 million bricks needed for the project. Factory crews put in unpaid overtime producing materials and tools, and the city of Magdeburg sent everything to complete one entire building. Workers toiled to the tune of Stalinallee chants: *The whole world loves my sweetheart, there's nobody else like him, He used to work in Sosa, but now he's building Stalinallee.* The best workers were given the title "Aktivist" and raised to the status of folk heroes.

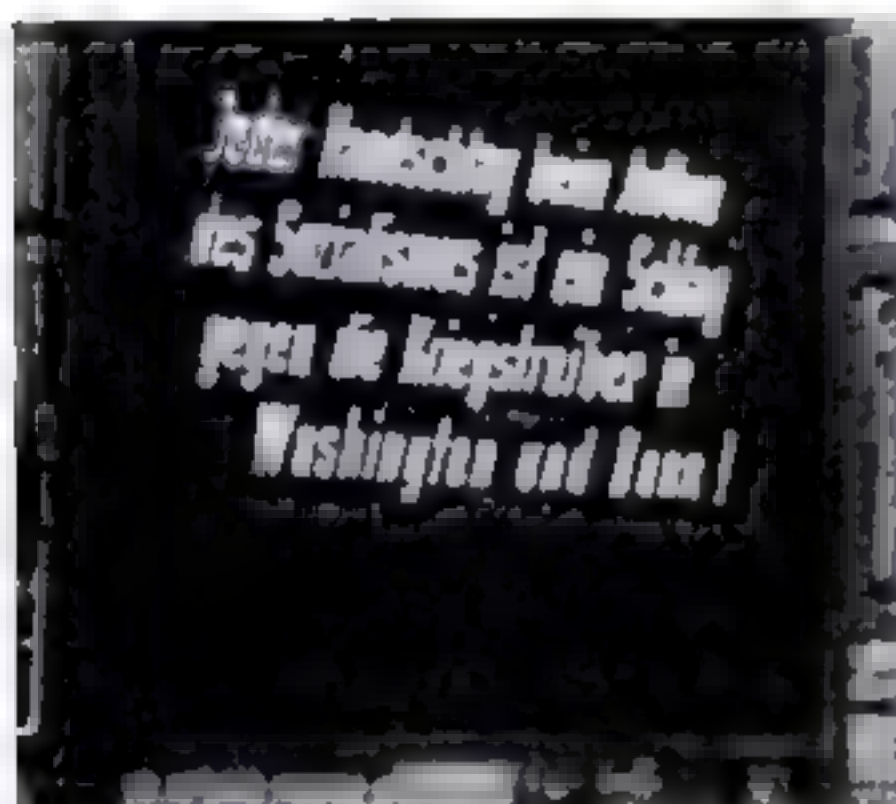
Even faster than the masonry rose the prideful slogans designed to whip people, hampered by primitive tools, into working faster and faster. But, garish as it was, the speed-up could not hide the fact that neither propaganda nor commissars' threats could keep people on the job. Toward the end the crew dwindled to 6,000 paid workers who grew so lackadaisical that the Communist Stalinallee committee threatened to fire them all.

CARPENTERS AND BANNER BEARING FAMILIAR DEVICE SHARE SCAFFOLD





MAKING A TRAFFIC ISLAND ALONG STALINALLEE



SPEED-UP SIGN, striking a militant note, proclaims to Stalinallee workers that, "Every turn of the hand in the building up of socialism is a slap against the warmongers in Washington and Bonn!"

WITH SIGN URGING UNIFICATION OF GERMANY



FREE ENTERPRISE OPERATOR, one of the few permitted to conduct private small business on Stalinallee location, has had a close-up view of the communal project's progress while maintaining her

own independence. Bundled up in a ragged blanket and a moth-eaten fur piece, she has set up her scales on the site and makes her living by weighing the Stalinallee workers at 10 pfennigs (.6¢) each.



RED MAKESHIFT, because furnaces were not available, is a railroad locomotive parked on blocks

and equipped with pipes to furnish heat for the finished buildings, hasten plaster drying in the others.

BATTLE OF PARLOR, BEDROOM AND BATHTUB

In spite of some of the necessarily makeshift methods, Stalinalee might have risen as an impressive monument to the resourcefulness of its builders. But, not content to leave it at that, the Soviet bosses of East Berlin—having thoughtfully located the project near enough to be seen and envied by West Berliners—used it to prove the technological superiority of the Reds and their tender concern for the people. They kept free buses on the sector border, ready and eager to bring West Berliners to drool over the parlors with

radio outlets, the neat new bedrooms, bathtubs and communal automatic laundries.

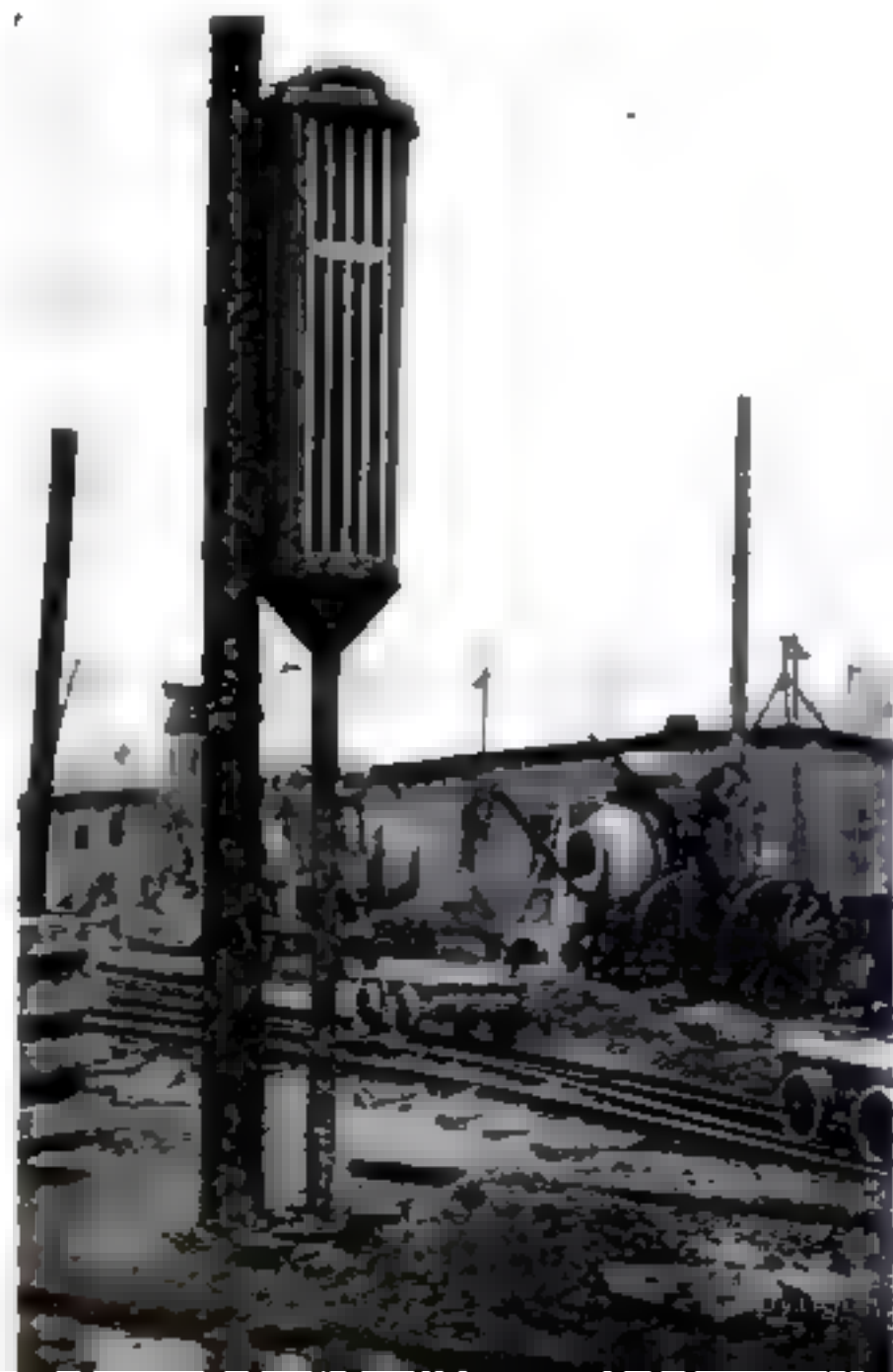
Actually, Stalinalee looked so imposing because it massed, in its plateau of masonry, just about everything that the Reds had done to rebuild the shattered homes of their ruined city. Their 1952 building program called for 5,000 new apartments, but only 3,000 were being completed. West Berlin, while its building was more widely scattered and less visible, had been outpacing its Red neighbors at nearly two to one for more than three years.



RED LUXURY in Stalinalee is a fully equipped, though somewhat old-fashioned bathroom, a rarity in any new apartment in Germany where the tenant usually is expected to bring along his own bathtub.



RED BLARNEY includes letting children out of school (above) for guided tours through Stalinalee while loudspeakers (below) feed workers running dosage of music, propaganda and hurry-up slogans.



If you like beer... You'll Love Schlitz

'ROUND THE CLOCK and 'round the calendar—from one day to the next—the *matchless flavor* of Schlitz is protected by hundreds of special quality safeguards.

So when you taste a glass of Schlitz, you *always* recognize the *same* quality of greatness that belongs to Schlitz and Schlitz alone.

Never bitter, never harsh—every smooth and mellow sip of Schlitz has that light, dry and winsome flavor enhanced by “just the *few* of the hops.”

That's why more bottles and cans of Schlitz are sold—*millions more*—than any other beer.

Sales prove Schlitz is the beer the world loves best.



HOW THE MATCHLESS FLAVOR OF SCHLITZ IS PROTECTED

Clear glass offers no protection from the harmful rays of light. Research demonstrates that the Brown Bottle (pioneered by Schlitz) gives beer protection just as an awning gives protection from the damaging rays of sunlight.



ON TV EVERY WEEK—the popular Schlitz “Playhouse of Stars.” See your newspaper for time and station.

First in Sales

The Beer that Made Milwaukee Famous



Deliciously yours!

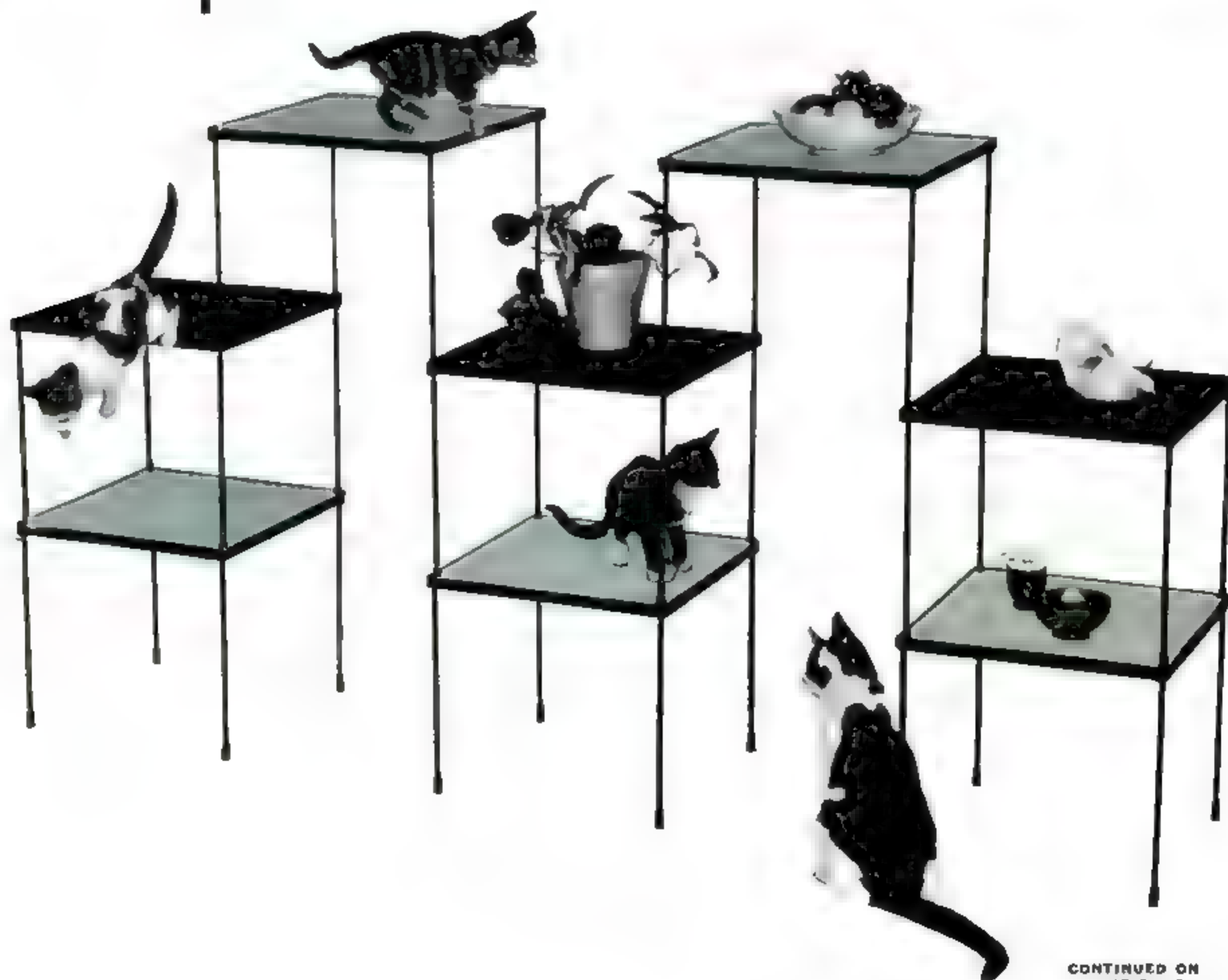
*P.S. Hunt-for the best. See your grocer's ads
and look in his store for the low price!*



SPACE SAVERS

Handy furniture stacks, stores and spreads out

With families growing larger and houses shrinking—today's dwelling is 200 square feet smaller than houses were 10 years ago—space is the number one problem of the average household. On these pages are tables, desks, hassocks, chests especially designed to make life easier and tidier in small rooms. The 14-inch-high tables with wrought-iron legs and laminated wood tops in colors, shown in various uses here, may be stacked as many as 12 deep when not in use (*above, right*), put together to make a large serving table (*above, left*), or anchored and interlocked on top of one another to make a steady tiered table (*left*) or even a room divider (*below*) which separates areas used for different purposes—and makes a fine jumping place for kittens. These tables are also sturdy enough to use as extra seats. Made by The Mills Furniture Corp., they cost \$8.95 each.

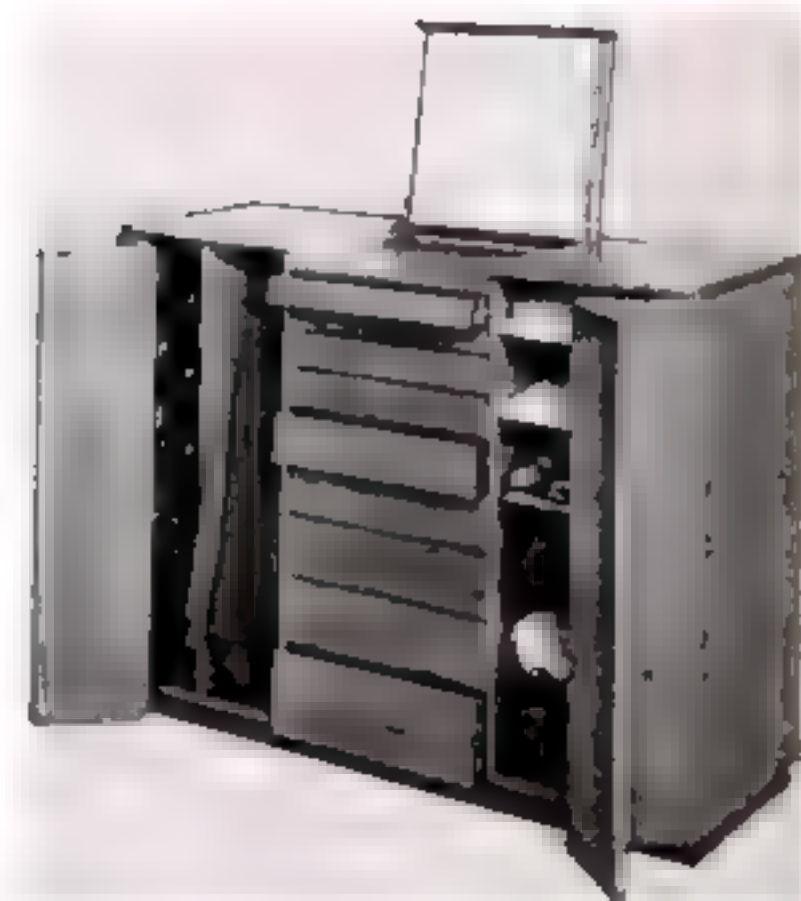
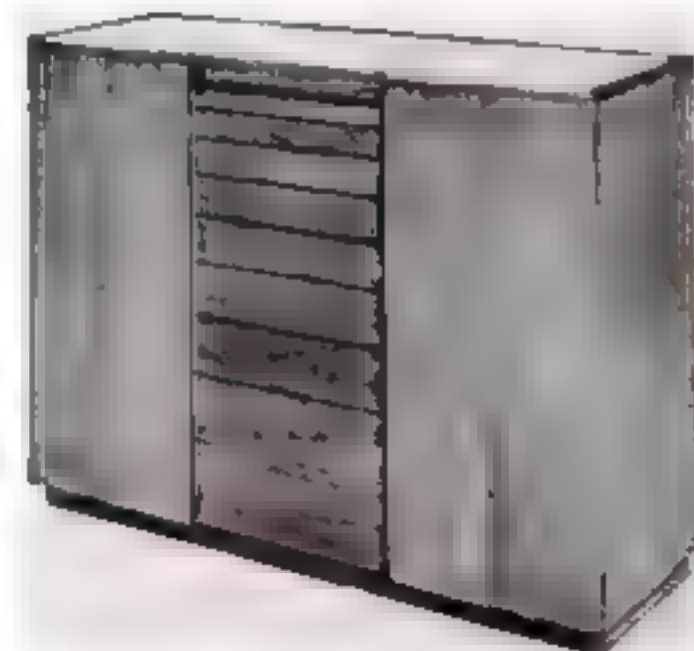


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NEXT PAGE

SPACE SAVERS CONTINUED



HASSOCK BED on casters (*right*), a handsome piece of furniture for any room, flips open for sleeping (\$75, King Sleep Products).

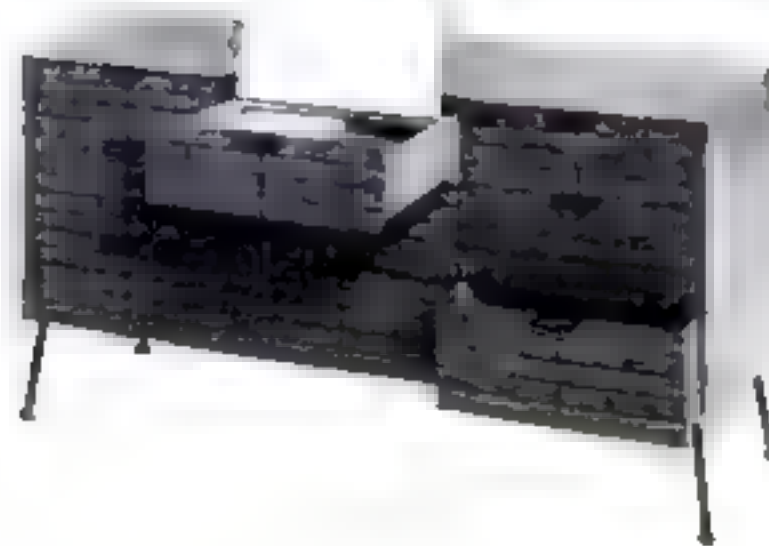
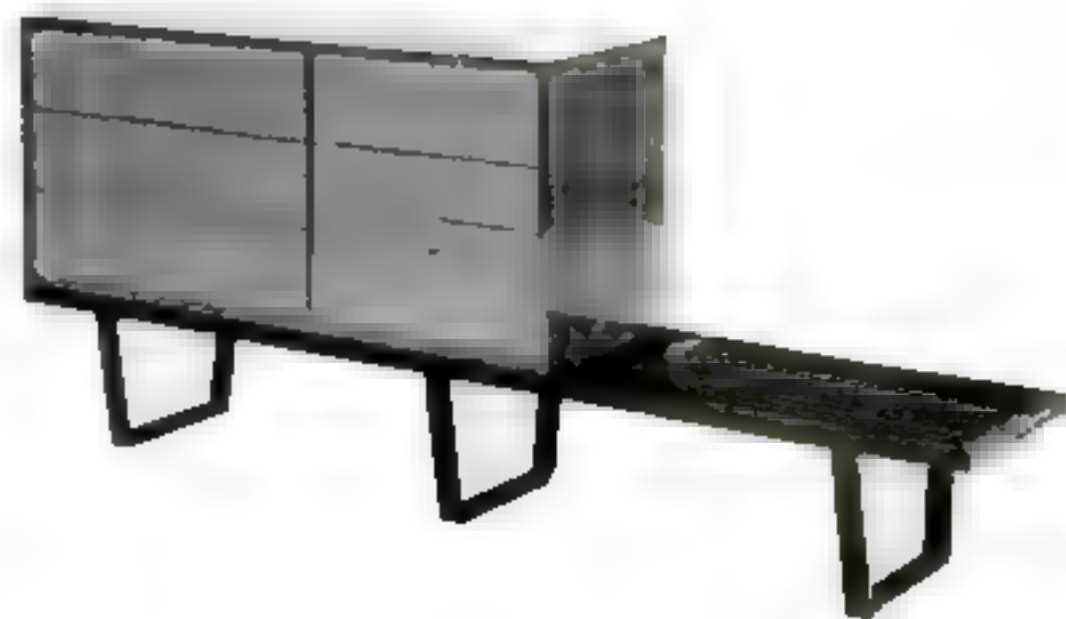
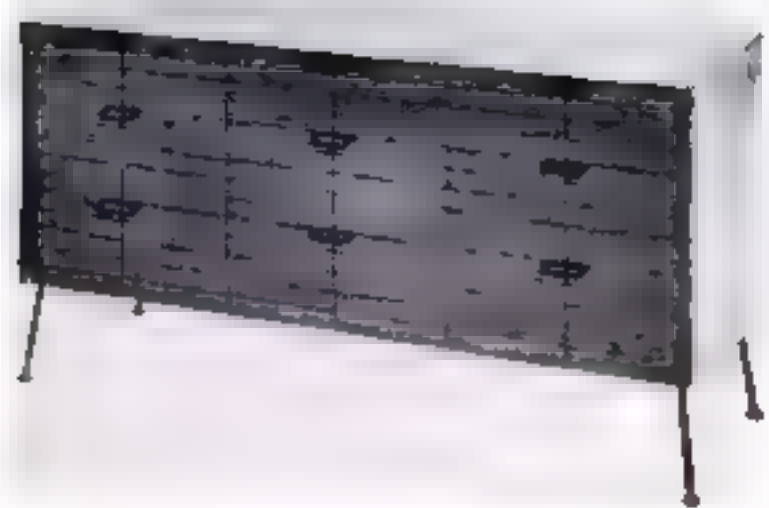
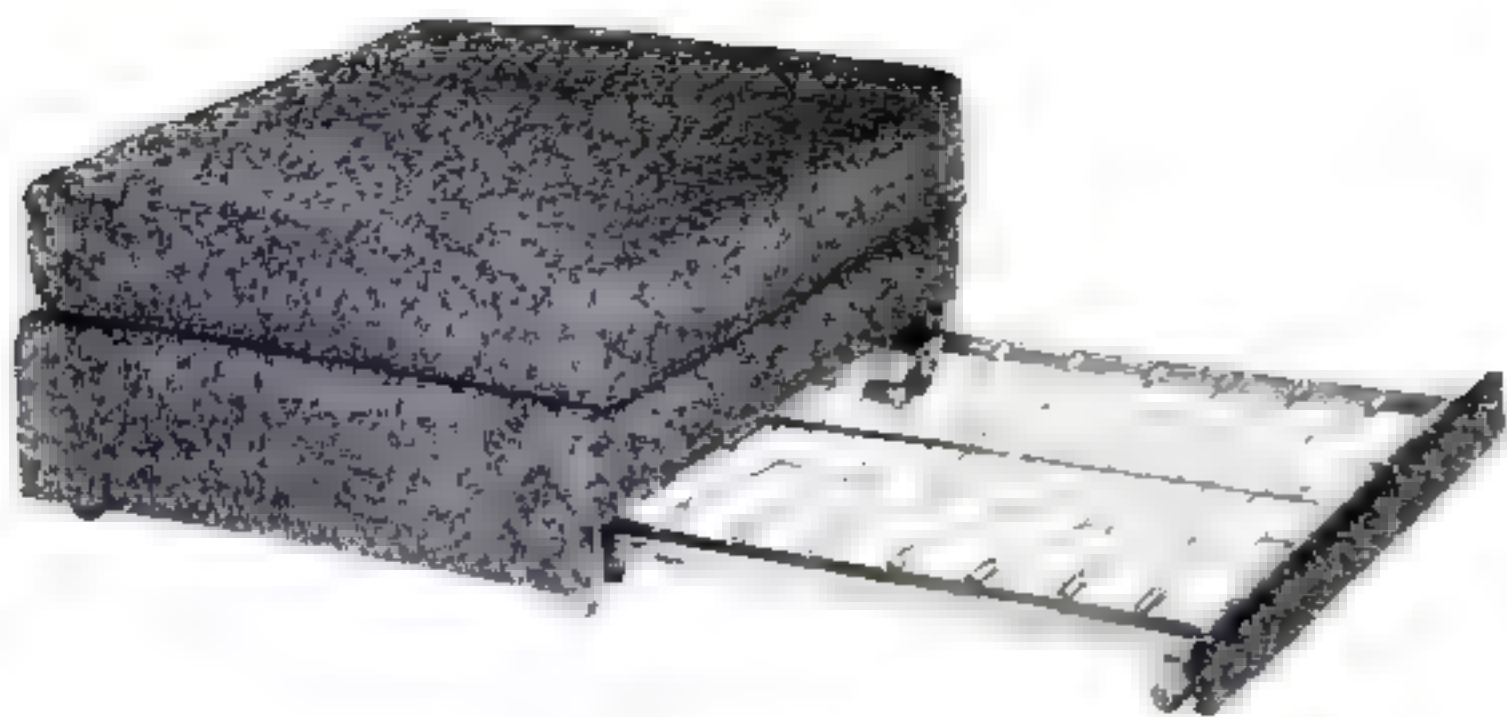


STORAGE DESK has typewriter container, file basket, storage compartment on top. It comes in oak or walnut (by George Nelson).

PULL-OUT COFFEE TABLE has removable trays which, turned over, provide long useful wings (Herman Miller Furniture Co.).

STORAGE PIECE to use in dining room for linens, silver, in bedroom as chest, has adjustable storage space (by Edward Wormley).





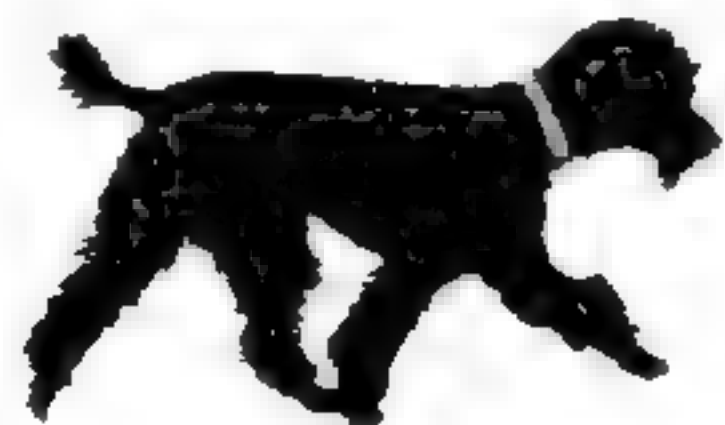
TRIPLE DRESSER on iron legs has three rows of drawers. center section that opens to make a vanity (Raymond Loewy Associates).

CHEST DESK has clothes storage at bottom. Top lowers, makes writing surface, reveals storage (Raymond Loewy Associates).

GUEST ROOM PIECE has a desk, vanity, drawers, luggage rack. Upper unit is 58 inches long; bench, 72 inches (by George Nelson).



EXTENSION TABLE (left) is 38 inches in diameter closed. It expands to 104 inches. It is made of walnut (by Bertha Schaefer).

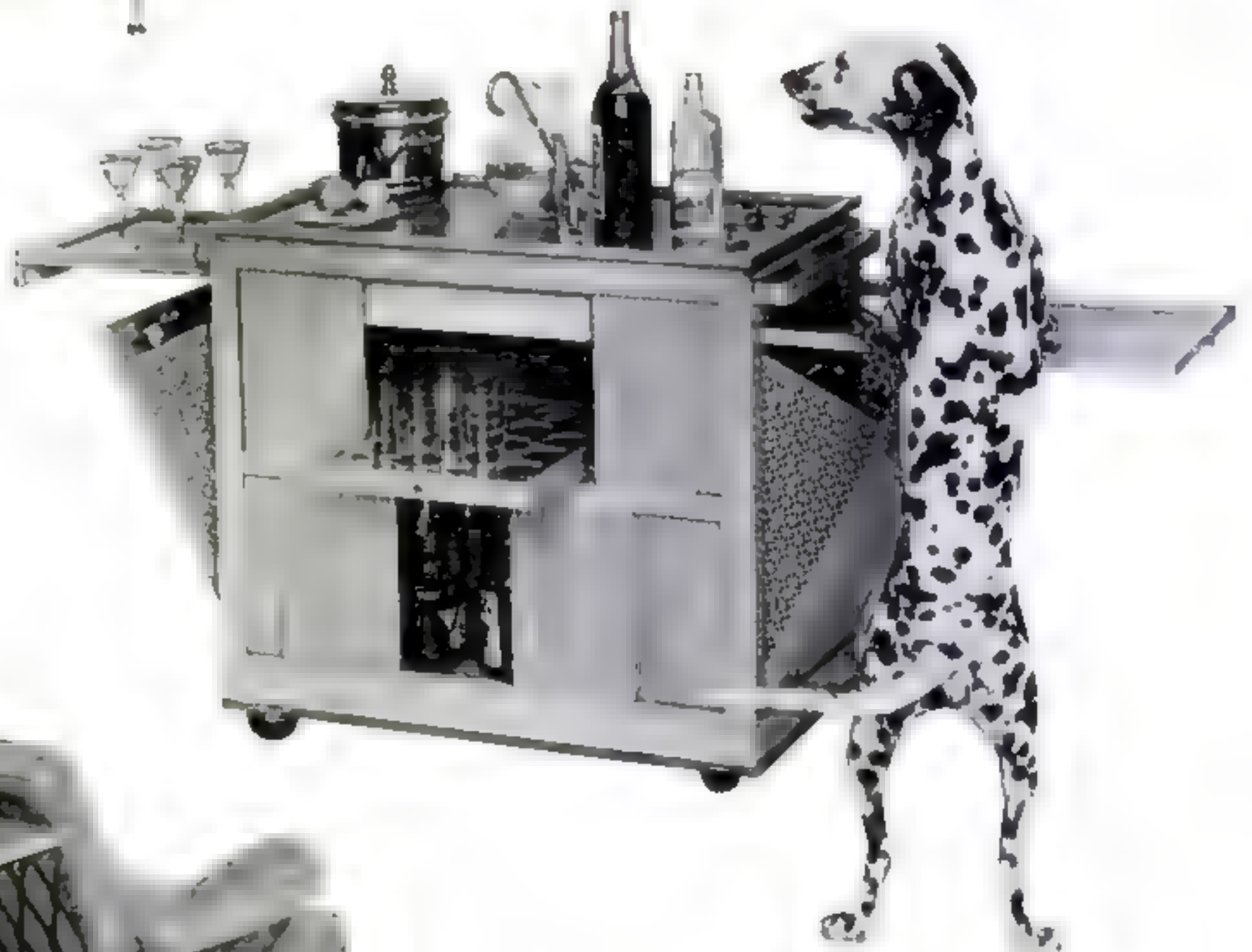




ROOM DIVIDER comes in two sections. Top has brass supports, four drawers. Base has two small drawers (by Paul McCobb).

Extra room for putting things away

The modern house has many advantages but ample storage space is rarely one of them—what with cellars and sometimes attics gone, and most interior walls swept away. So compact storage space is being built into all sorts of furniture, even sofas. A room divider (*left*) is effective as a ventilated screen between dining and living areas, and at the same time provides closed and open storage shelves. A serving table (*below*) is useful not only as a butler on wheels to help at buffet suppers, teas and cocktail parties, but also as a roomy extra storage pantry. A small-scale sofa (*below, left*) with storage shelves attached to the back can face a fireplace or separate various functions of a room. The piece looks equally well viewed fore or aft, an advantage in a sofa that is intended to sit out in a room away from the walls.



SERVING TABLE has storage bins, tray for glasses and large storage shelf. Closed, it is small sideboard (Albert Wood and Sons.)

STORAGE SOFA has frame of metal, in various colors, seat and back of foam rubber, top shelf of marble (John B. Satterini Co.).



Rum

FOUR GREAT EARLY AMERICAN HOLIDAY DRINKS

Traditional party favorites ~
delicious with Puerto Rican Rum

In early American homes Rum was as much a part of the holiday scene as holly and plum pudding.

Here are the great rum recipes. Enjoy them now with the best of rums—brands marked "Puerto Rican Rum" on the label. This means the rum has the maturity required by law . . . distilled, aged and bottled in Puerto Rico.

Recipe For Original Rum Eggnog ♦

24 egg yolks, 1 lb. sugar, 2 quarts milk, 2 fifths gold Puerto Rican Rum, 2 quarts heavy cream. Beat yolks with rotary beater until light. Add sugar. Continue beating until thick and pale. Stir in milk and Rum. Chill 3 hours. Turn into punch bowl, fold in heavy cream, stiffly whipped. Chill 1 hour. Sprinkle with nutmeg. (Serves 10.)

SHORT-CUT RECIPE: Major dairies supply excellent eggnog mixes. Simply add 8 oz. Puerto Rican Rum to 1 quart.

For Free Rumster Party Kits and other recipes with Rum, see your dealer or write to Dept. 21:

Rums of Puerto Rico

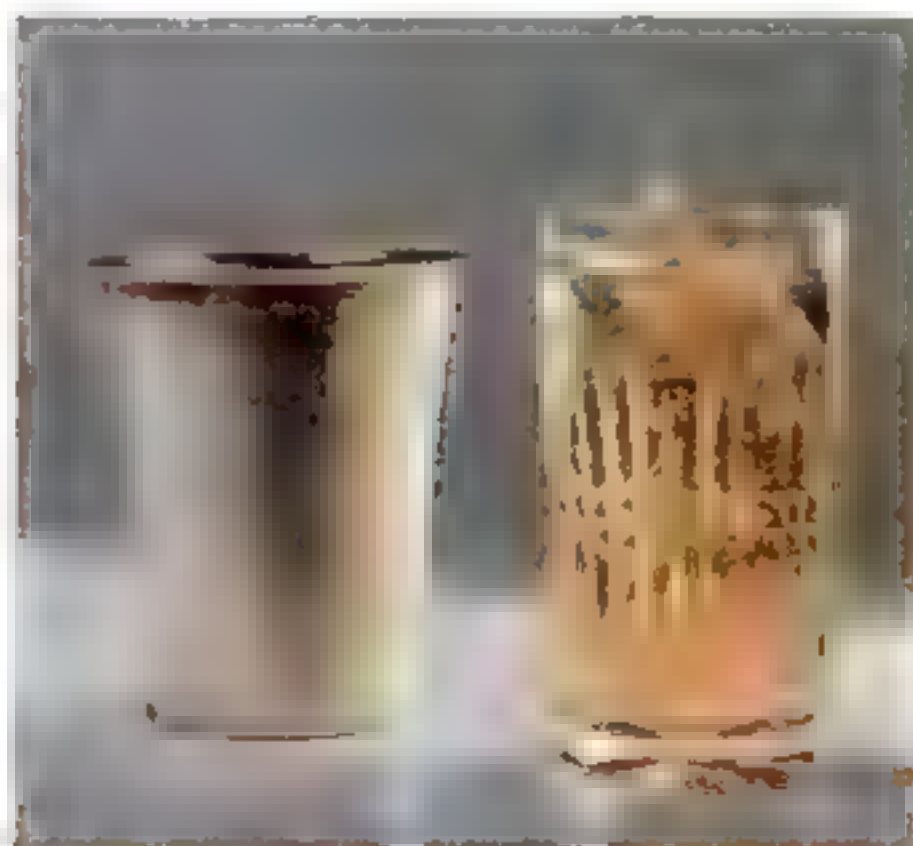
600 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.



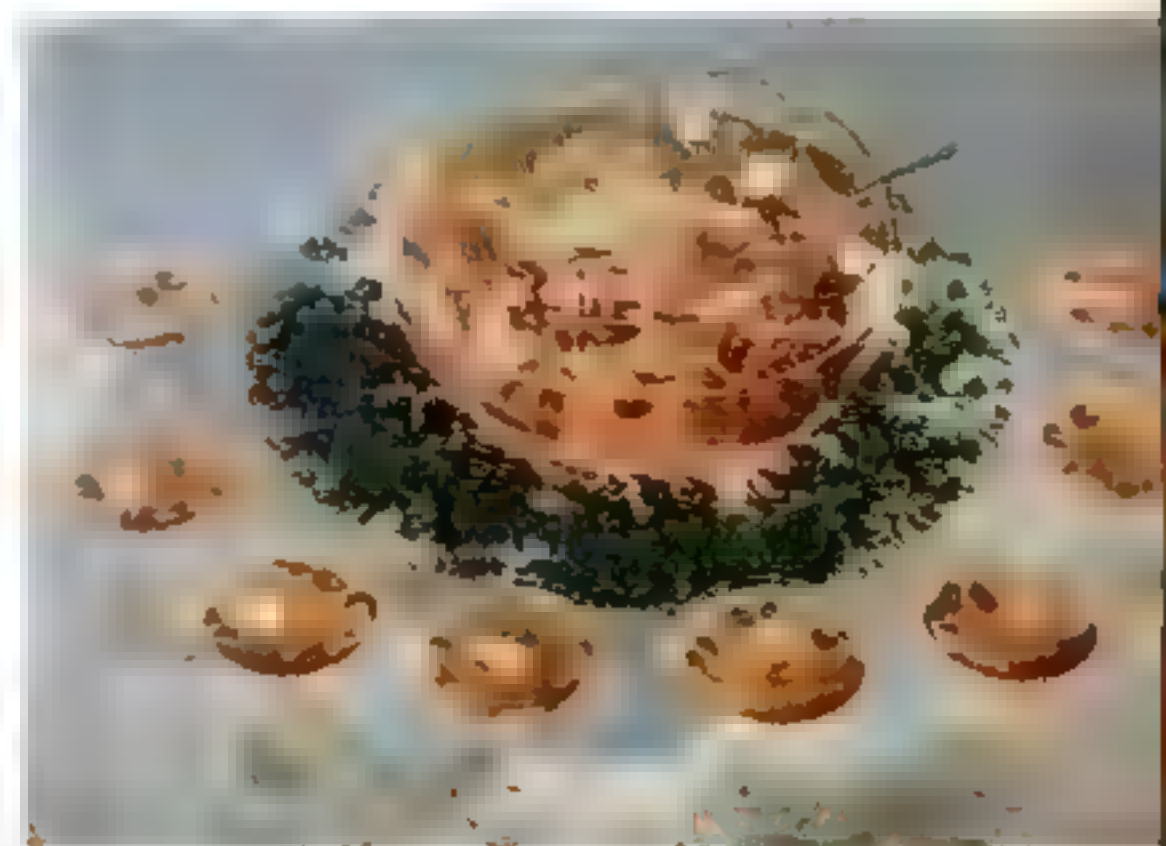
Original Rum Eggnog.—America's Holiday Spirit for 250 Years. See "Original" and "Short-cut" recipes at left.



Early American Hot Buttered Rum — Greatest of the Winter Warmers — 2 oz. Puerto Rican Rum, 1 tsp. sugar, 1 stick cinnamon, pinch of nutmeg. Place in pre-heated mug or Old Fashioned glass, fill with boiling water, drop in generous gob of butter. Carefully float an additional teaspoonful of flaming Rum on top.



Highball — Old and New — Origin of today's highball traces to the simple Early American drink of Rum and water, taken usually from a pewter cup or beaker. Today's best highball recipe: 1 1/2 oz. Puerto Rican Rum, ice, soda or water, twist of lemon peel or dash of Angostura bitters.



Early American Rum Fruit Punch (modern version) Slice, dice 1 pineapple. Mix with 3/4 cup sugar syrup, 1 cup lemon juice, 1 1/2 cups unsweetened pineapple juice, 1 1/2 bottles (fifths) gold Puerto Rican Rum. Chill 2 hours, pour over ice in bowl. Add 2 quarts sparkling water, 1 pint sliced strawberries. (Serves 20.)

Merry Christmas
to all
From *The* ***All-Family***
Drink!



The door swings open to *all* during the holidays!
There are old friends to greet, gifts to exchange,
good fortune and good food to share!

During this time of warm hospitality in the
home, 7-Up—The All-Family Drink—
is a particular favorite of millions. Lively and
sparkling as the holiday season, crystal-clear
7-Up "fits" this happy time as naturally as the
holly wreath on the door. Seven-Up is so pure
... so good ... so wholesome that little carolers,
great grandparents, folks of *all* ages can "fresh
up" to their hearts' content. You say it about
7-Up ... and it seems to fit Christmas,
too ... "You like it ... it likes you!" Buy 7-Up
wherever you see those bright 7-Up signs!

Don't expect one or two cartons
to go around on holiday occasions...

Buy 7-UP by the case
or in the
7-UP FAMILY PACK!

24-bottle family supply!
Easy-lift center handle!
Easy-to-store!





It's gift time again!

There is no finer gift in all the world than Old Grand-Dad. For this famous Kentucky straight whiskey is the widely accepted 'Head of the Bourbon Family.' On your holiday table it's a bourbon that bespeaks the utmost of fine living and warm friendship. Why not ask your dealer for Old Grand-Dad today?

The Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, Kentucky

OLD GRAND-DAD

Head of the Bourbon Family

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY
BOTTLED IN BOND • 100 PROOF



To Bill—
From Charlie



HOKUM AND MORE HOKUM

New comedy, 'Time Out for Ginger,' is full of corny situations like these, but audiences eat it up



SASSY MAID (Laura Pierpont) is oldest laugh-geister in the business.



BAGGY PANTS a surefire gag are worn by heroine, Ginger, who hankers to play football.

PETTING PARENTS (Polly Rowles, Melvyn Douglas) get big laugh when caught by daughter.



CAPERING TYCOON (Philip Loeb) tickles audience when he forgets he is bank president and drops his dignity.



Keeps going on and on...



With a Delco battery in your car you are sure of dependable starting and reliable service. Delco is the nation's No. 1 battery—more Delcos are used as original equipment in America's cars and trucks than any other battery!

**The Nation's
No. 1
Battery**

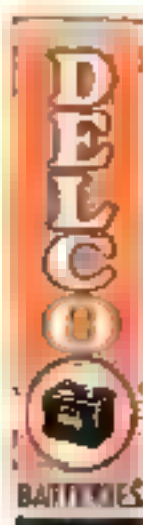


DELCO BATTERIES

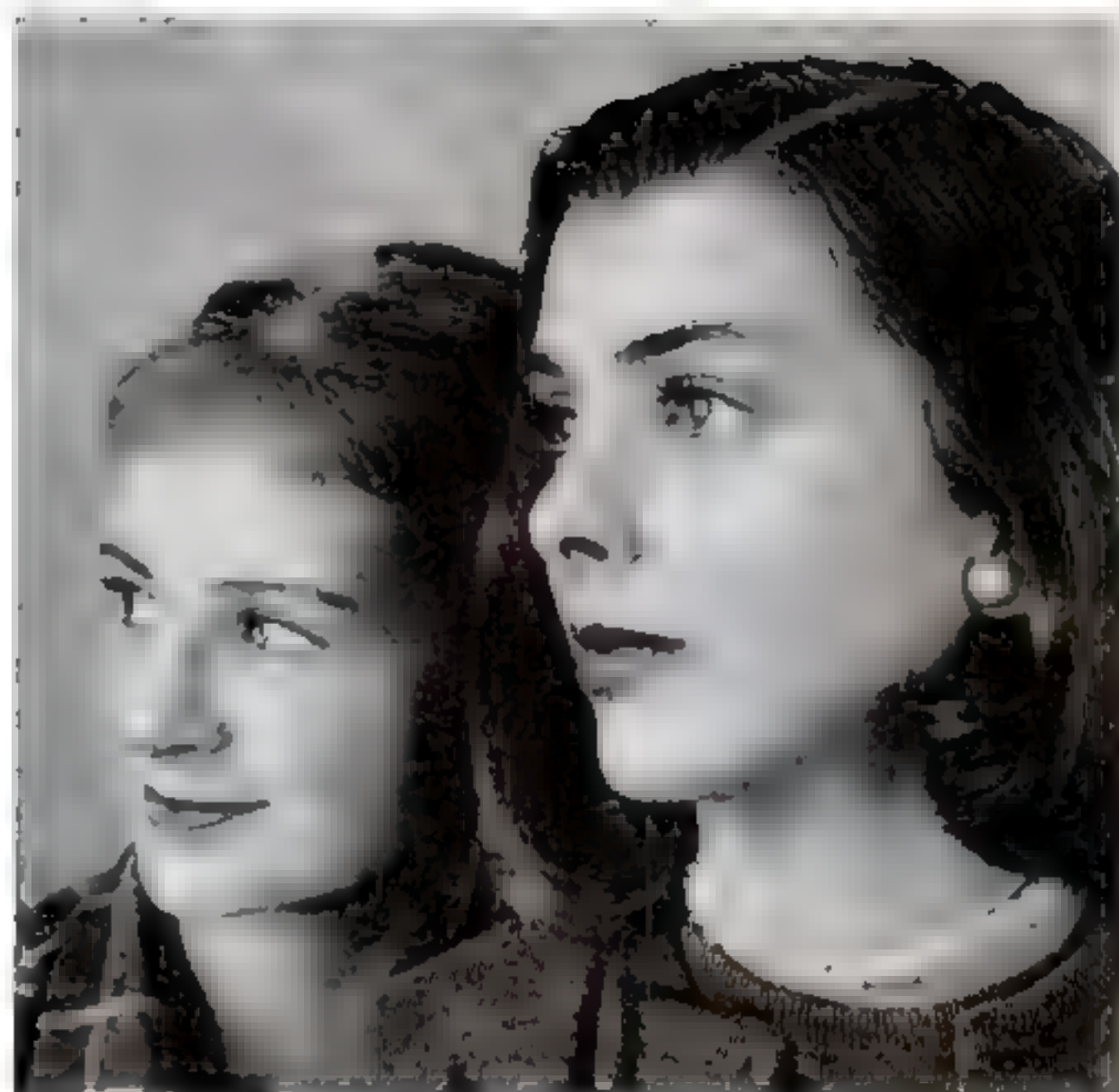
A GENERAL MOTORS PRODUCT



A UNITED MOTORS LINE



'Ginger' CONTINUED



EX-LIFE COVER GIRLS NANCY MALONE, MARY HARTIG ARE BOTH IN PLAY

A REAL COVER GIRL PLAYS ONE

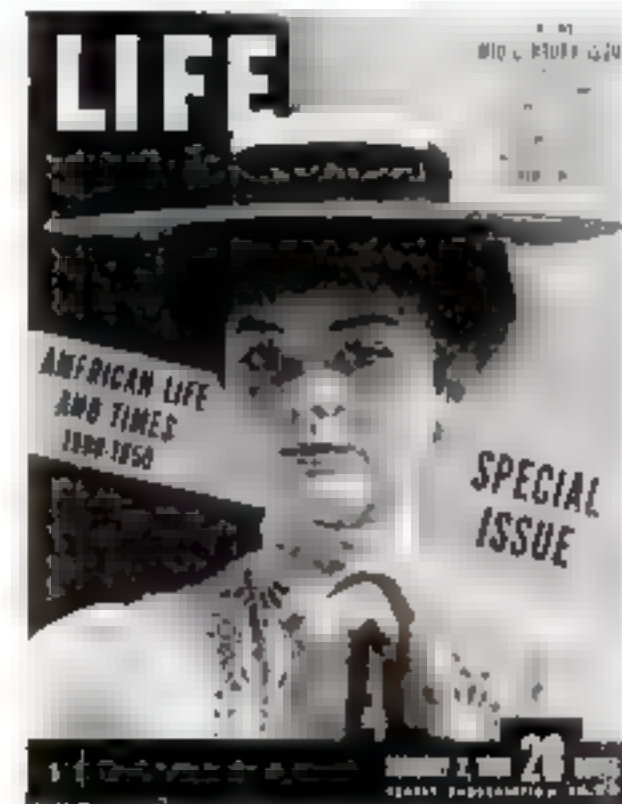


IN PLAY *Ginger* hits cover of LIFE, read by father and sister.

Time Out for Ginger is full of very old gags and very young performers. Two of them—Nancy Malone and Mary Hartig (*see above*)—at 17 are making their Broadway debut, and the same two by a somewhat remarkable coincidence have both been on LIFE covers (*bottom*). Never before have two LIFE cover girls acted in one Broadway play, and the play itself, moreover, tells how one of the girls, Nancy, makes LIFE's cover (*left*). All this, which sounds something like a press agent's dream, is given valid interest by the fact that both Nancy and Mary are pretty and able young actresses.

Time Out for Ginger, written by an actor named Ronald Alexander, deals with an American household with three daughters. Their father, well acted by Melvyn Douglas, makes a speech saying youngsters should be free to express themselves, then finds his own 14-year-old daughter Ginger wants to express *herself* by playing football with the boys.

A majority of critics thought *Ginger* was fairly awful—one of the few who admitted enjoying it was the *Times's* Brooks Atkinson—but the play is drawing delighted audiences. It will be around for years in straw hat theaters and high school shows, and you can bet it will turn up as a movie with a superstupendous scene on the football field.

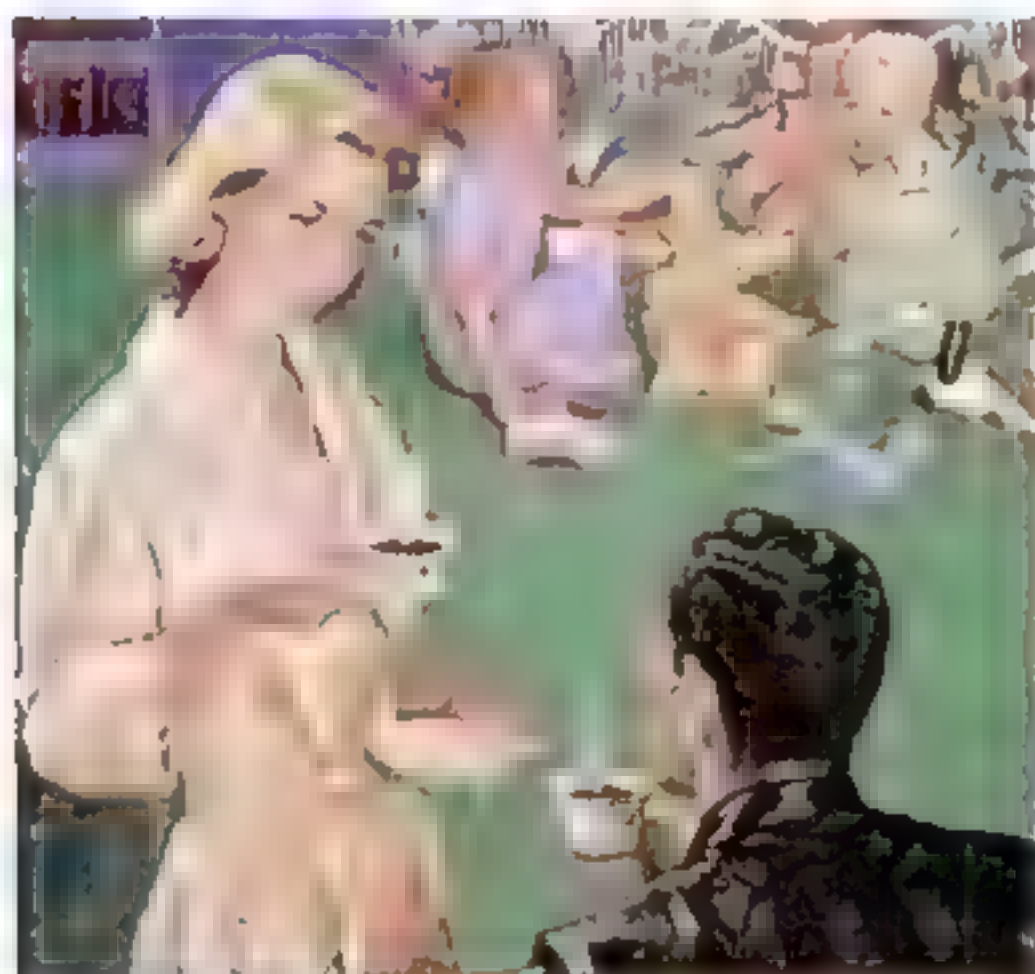


COVER GIRLS, both on special issues of LIFE, are Nancy Malone, who at 11 was shown on 10th anniversary number reading the first issue of LIFE, and Mary Hartig, who graced the mid-century issue dressed as a Gibson Girl.



THINK BETTER! . . . At the North Pole, Santa Claus and Mrs. Santa plan the biggest Christmas list in the world . . . and give themselves a coffee-break! Whenever *you* have a problem . . . have a cup of fragrant coffee! Its pleasant lift helps keep your mind alert. When you want an aid to clearer thinking . . . better take a coffee-break!

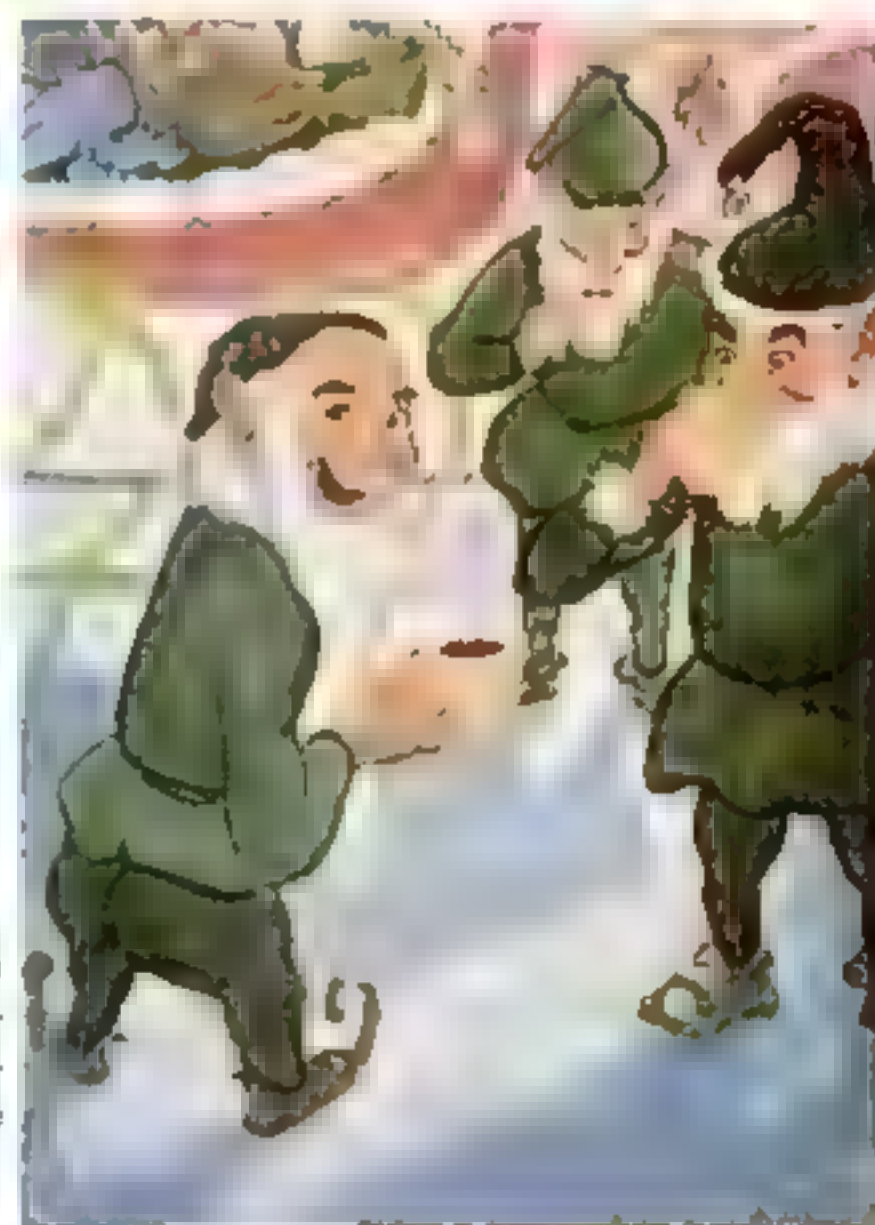
give yourself a coffee-break



FEEL BETTER! . . . Christmas morn is wonderful . . . and so's a cup of full-strength coffee! Whatever the season, December or May . . . wherever you are, at work, or play . . . do yourself a favor, several times a day. Take a coffee-break!

. . . and get what coffee gives to you!

WORK BETTER! Santa's elves load up the sleigh . . . and take a coffee-break! Coffee's gentle stimulation helps you do a better job. You'll help efficiency, get more done . . . feel less tired, have more fun . . . when you take a coffee-break!



coffee always gives you a break!

DRINK IT OFTEN! . . . Enjoy coffee at mealtimes. Relax with coffee in-between — at home, at work, or in your favorite restaurant. In fact, wouldn't *right now* be a swell time . . . for a coffee-break? ©1982



For the **N**ames at the **T**op



of **Your List**



Beautiful gift cartons
are available where
legally permissible.

Give Seagram's



and be Sure

Only the finest is fine enough for Christmas


SEAGRAM'S V.O. CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND...OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES...6 YEARS OLD 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM'S ANCIENT BOTTLE
DISTILLED DRY GIN. DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN. 90 PROOF SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Season's best to you and yours—

Enjoy America's Party Drink!

PAR-T-PAK



 is the holiday season, and here comes St. Nick—
Yes, it's party time, folks, so get Par-T-Pak quick!
Great Orange, great Cola, great Root Beer—what's more,
There are mixers so sparkling they stir as they pour.
And you'll surely exclaim—as your lips give a smack—
Merry parties to all and to all Par-T-Pak!

PAR-T-PAK Full-Flavor BEVERAGES

BY THE MAKERS OF ROYAL CROWN COLA AND NEHI BEVERAGES

*Stock up for the
holiday! Fine flavors
for everyone! Each in
the BIG, BIG quart
that serves six!*





POUF CAP is eyelet-design plastic (Clure Frost, \$3) tied with colored plastic ribbon. The same style also comes in pink or blue.

Glamour for the Shower

NEW CAP KEEPS HAIR DRY, WEARER STYLISH

With all their insistence on originality in millinery, women have long submissively worn a uniformly unbecoming shower cap. The first registered protest comes from a Dallas housewife who designed the silly but surefire cap above. Her husband, Henry Frost, discouraged by the way she looked in a shower cap, suggested that his wife use her design-school training to improve its looks. She did some preliminary sketches and had her milliner make a sample cap of two-colored plastic gathered at the top in a pouf. Then she presented it to the Neiman-Marcus store and landed the initial order that put her in business. With a series of new shower cap designs ready for production, Mrs. Frost is now looking around for other prosaic items which can stand some additional glamour.

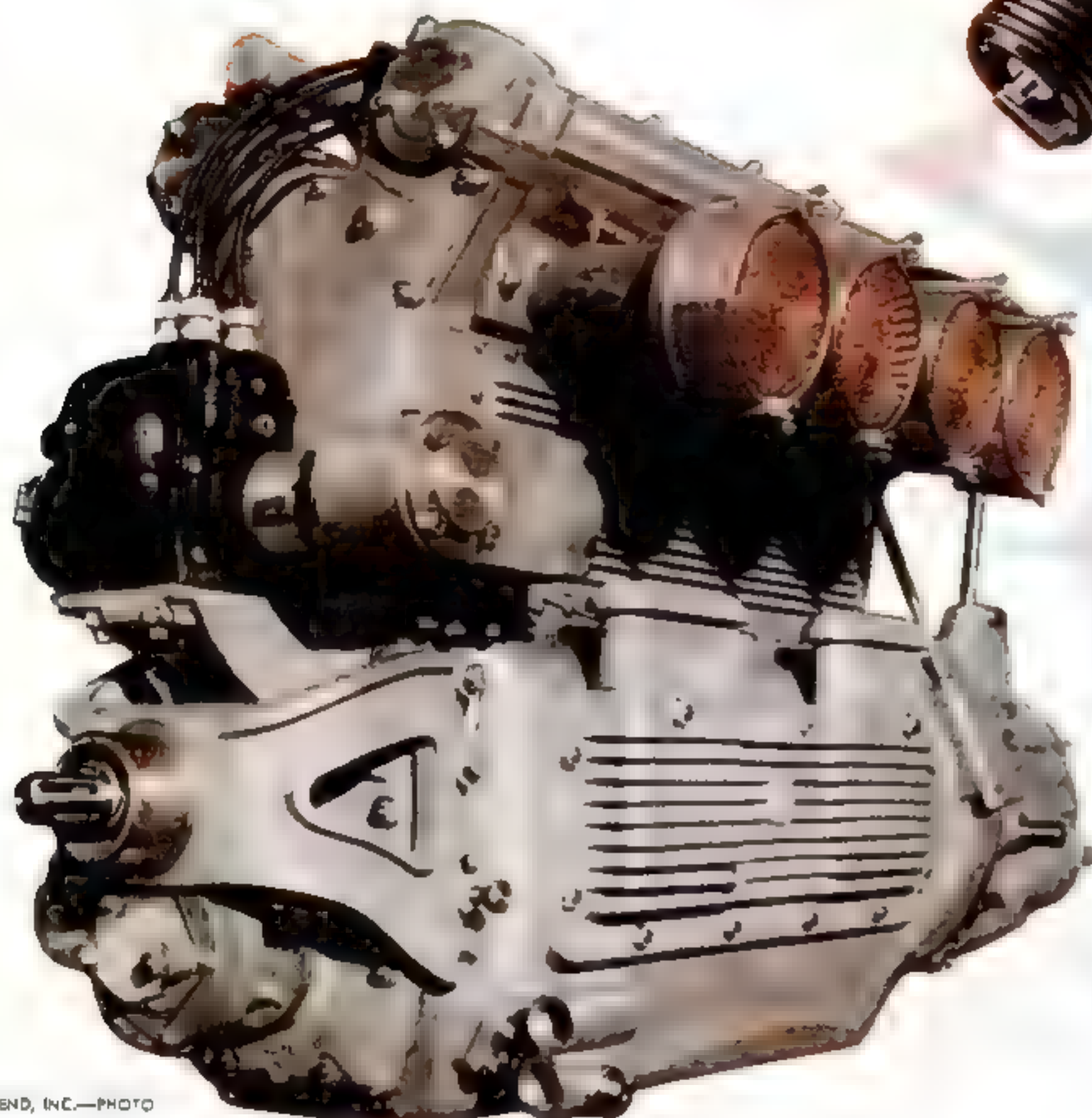


CAP'S CREATOR works in swirl of plastic cloth. She expects to introduce other cap designs later.

RACING'S

TOP POWER PLANT!

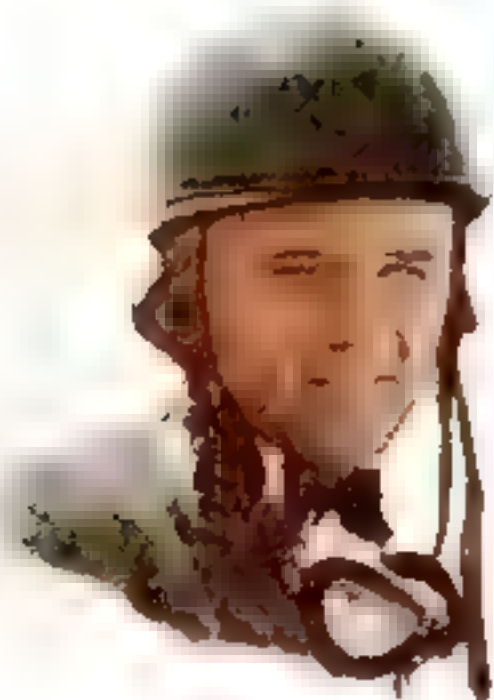
THE 270 OFFENHAUSER



TREND, INC.—PHOTO



*"I build racing's top engine. Here's why I recommend
Champion spark plugs for your car."* *Louis Meyer*



Louis Meyer, three-time winner of the Indianapolis 500, three-time national AAA racing champion, today builds America's foremost racing engine—the Offenhauser, product of the Meyer-Drake Engineering Company. Its success in competition is without parallel in automobile racing.

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"Therefore, I say to every motorist, 'If you value the very best performance of which your car is capable, you'd better specify Champions for your car. In my book they're tops for every engine, and the record books prove it'."

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FOR YOUR CAR!



A LIVE ACTRESS STEPPING OUT OF A PAINTED POSTER IN THE MOVIE INTRODUCES THE SONG "POOR WANDERING ONE" FROM "THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE"

Kings of Comic Opera

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN ARE PUT ON FILM IN D'OYLY CARTE STYLE

Seventy-seven years ago a young London theatrical producer, Richard D'Oyly Carte, put on a brief and sparkling musical play, *Trial by Jury* (music by Arthur Sullivan, words by W. S. Gilbert). It was the first of a line of operas (*H.M.S. Pinafore*, *Patience*, *The Mikado*) which have kept the world laughing and whistling with their unique combination of sentiment, satire and high jinks. This year Richard's granddaughter Bridget has permitted a British company to make a film biography called *Gilbert and Sullivan*, using the full powers of the D'Oyly Carte troupe.

The bright and rollicking movie is reasonably faithful

to historic fact as it recounts the careers of the two young men who became semiofficial minstrels of the Victorian age: how they grew famous, quarreled, made up, drifted apart and died. Its big attraction of course lies in the lavishly produced scenes from the operas. These face a particularly critical audience: the Savoyards, the devotees of Gilbert and Sullivan, so called from the Savoy Theater where most of the operas were first performed. But they know that with Bridget supervising things they are going to see the genuine D'Oyly Carte version which has never—well, hardly ever—varied by jot or tittle in 77 years.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



RULER OF QUEEN'S NAVY. Sir Joseph Porter, in performance of *H.M.S. Pinafore* rings "merry bells on board-ship. . . . For the union of my lordship with a humble captain's child."



MR. SULLIVAN AND MR. GILBERT (Maurice Evans and Robert Morley) quarrel when Sullivan tries to turn from light to grand opera.



LOVESICK LORDS in *Iolanthe* prance as Lord Chancellor (center) sings, "Faint heart never won fair lady! . . . Dark the dawn when day is nigh—Hustle your horse and don't say die."

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN CONTINUED





THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL, Piti-Sing, Yum-Yum and Peep-Bo, rehearse their introductory song from *The Mikado* in Mr. Sullivan's drawing

room. Movie contains only this brief number from *The Mikado* because the D'Oyly Carte troupe had already made a full-length film version of it in 1938.



BELATED HONORS come to Gilbert when at the age of 70 he is summoned to Buckingham Palace to be knighted. He has just passed Sullivan's memorial

and read the lines on it (which he wrote for *Yeomen of the Guard*) "Is life a boon? If so, it must befall, That Death, when'er he call, Must call too soon."



W. S. GILBERT



CARICATURE OF RICHARD D'OYLY CARTE



SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN

Durable D'Oyly Cartes

Three generations of the D'Oyly Carte family have reigned as undisputed high priests of the Gilbert and Sullivan cult, and have kept a loving stranglehold on the production rights to the operas, at least in the British Empire. It was under the founder's son, Rupert, that the present pattern of the D'Oyly Carte company emerged: a troupe of about 70 performers and musicians which tours the British Isles presenting the operas for 11 months every year, with occasional trips to the U.S. "Working for D'Oyly Carte is rather like working for the civil service," remarked one Savoyard. "It's a good job, it's steady, one begins at the bottom and works up, and one has the feeling of being rather a club, or a family. Of course if you haven't the ability you won't get to be a principal, but even so you're pretty sure to be able to hang on for 15 years in the chorus. All you have to do is behave yourself." "Behaving one's self" at D'Oyly Carte means primarily 1) not having babies, which would be inconvenient for the company, and 2) not altering by so much as a word or gesture the sacred performance ritual.

These rules come straight from W. S. Gilbert, who was stage manager for the original productions. He worked out minutely every pratfall and double-take and bit of business for each and every scene. Oidtimers sitting back of the 10th row would be hard put to tell any particular character on stage from the actor who held the role before him, or even the one who held it in Gilbert's day. One notable exception to the rule is the "business" when Ko-Ko's great toe gets out of joint in *The Mikado* and keeps flipping up at him. This began years ago when Henry Lytton, predecessor of the present Ko-Ko's predecessor, tripped on stage and found the audience roaring because his toe was sticking up. It has stuck up at every performance since.

Sullivan's music has been subjected to the same kind of deep freeze. Each time a play is remounted, the single copy of the orchestrated score is hauled out of its resting place

in the vaults of the Bank of England to make sure nothing new has crept in.

Current boss of the company and defender of its integrity is Bridget D'Oyly Carte, 44, the slight, hazel-eyed granddaughter of the founder and ex-wife of the Earl of Cranbrook. "Miss Carte," as she prefers to be called, often drops in at performances to check lighting, costumes, chorus. Frequently she sits center front during the first act, along the side of the balcony during the second, to make sure everything is right from every angle.

In 1961, a significant change will take place: the last copyrights will expire, and the words and music will be free to the whole world. An English copyright lasts 50 years after the writer's death and went off the music in 1950, but Gilbert's words are safe until 1961. So solidly are the words and music welded together that few people in England have taken advantage of the "free" music. Americans pirated the operas gleefully in the 1870s before the days of international copyright laws, and have performed them ever since without paying royalties. But they have held off making unauthorized full-scale movie versions because copyright protection on the words would make it impossible to show them in Britain.

All this will change in 1961. Miss Carte has done what she can to prepare for it. She authorized a fine set of records of the operas, done by the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company so the "right way" to perform them is preserved forever. She agreed after months of negotiation to permit the movie on the lives of Gilbert and Sullivan so that an English company could produce a thorough, hard-to-beat film which will run for years in art theaters and discourage Hollywood ventures into the same field.

"After all," said a London Films employee, "why let the Americans have first go at a film we've wanted to make for years? Besides, Gilbert and Sullivan are so popular there this film might earn back some of the dollars they've stolen by not paying royalties."



ORIGINAL "MIKADO" featured these pseudo-Japanese little maids from school.



FEEL ALL ALONE AT
YOUR OWN PARTIES?

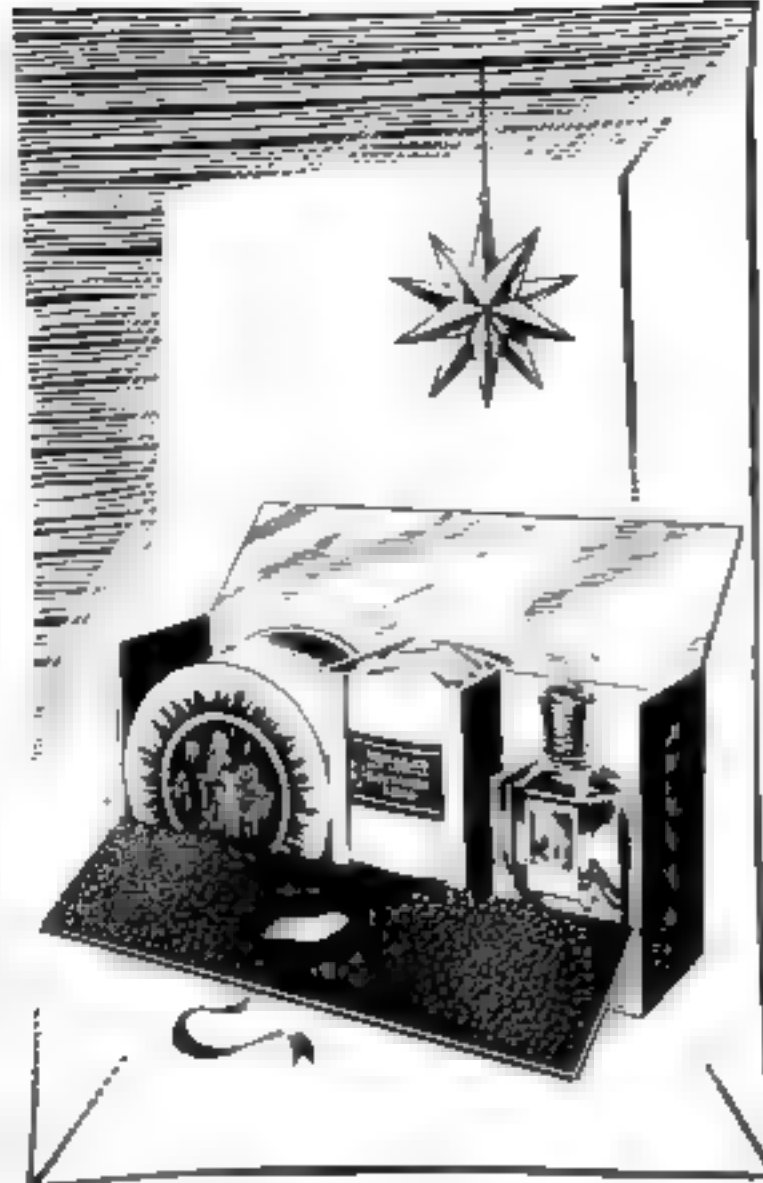
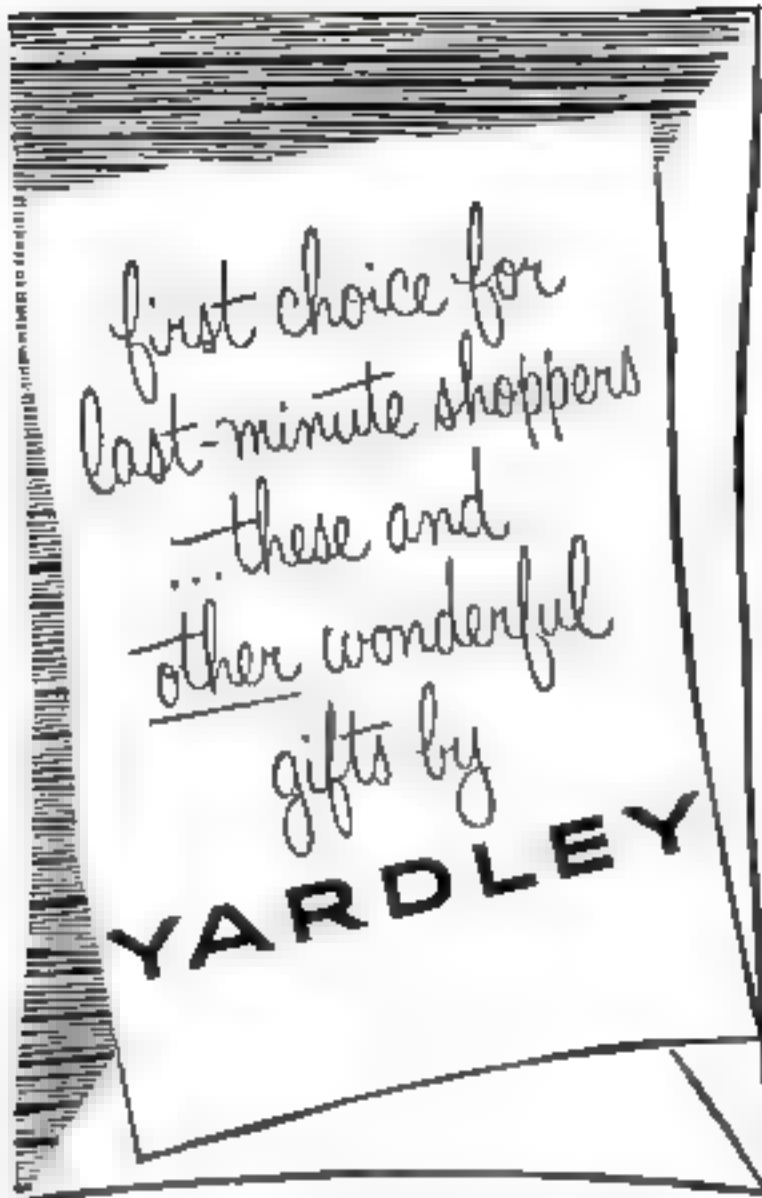


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SMALLER THAN A DOG

Horses that weigh only 90 pounds are brought from England for a Lilliput ranch in California



In California, where everything is usually bigger than ordinary, an animal trainer named Willis Parker decided to reverse the usual situation and establish a ranch where all the animals would be smaller than average. To launch his Lilliput ranch he sent to Sussex, England for four miniature horses that were the tiniest full-grown horses that he could find in the world. They weigh only 90 pounds each and stand only 30 inches (or 7 1/2 hands) high on the average, compared to about 64 inches for the average horse, and are smaller than Parker's Great Pyrenees dog (above). They were developed from a small strain of Shetland pony after 80 years of breeding.

When the midgets arrived at Parker's Animal Agency last month, they immediately made a hit with the neighborhood kids. One of them, called Chauncey, caught the eye of 3-year-old Cynthia West (with whom he is shown on LIFE's cover), and Cynthia tried hard to get her mother to buy the horse for her for Christmas. But the midget ponies are not for sale. They will be put on public exhibit as soon as Lilliputian barns and corrals are built for them. Then Parker, who supplies animals for the movies and television, will get miniature deer from East Africa, tiny dogs from Mexico and small ducks from England to provide the horses with suitable company.



GETTING MEASURED shortly after arriving in Los Angeles by freight car, Cedric and Chauncey stand gently at attention. Both of these horses are pintos.



THROUGH UNION STATION horses walk with Willis Parker. Some people thought that they were an odd breed of dogs.

RONNIE STANDS UNCOMFORTABLY WITH NORMAL HORSE COLLAR. HE EATS ONLY FOUR POUNDS OF HAY A DAY COMPARED TO 40 POUNDS FOR DRAFT HORSE





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CASINO

NIGHTCLUBS



AT THE GALA OPENING OF MARRAKECH CASINO, LONG DRIVEWAY WAS FLANKED BY 200 MOROCCAN GUARDS EACH WITH TWO CANDLE-LIGHTED LANTERNS



MERRY MARRAKECH OPENS NEW CASINO

Beneath the mountains of French Morocco in a vast palm grove lies the exotic city of Marrakech, which many world travelers, including Winston Churchill, have acclaimed as an ideal winter resort. Last month, to take advantage of the tourist boom, the local pasha along with the Sultan of Morocco and the French government, sponsored the opening of a sumptuous gambling casino and nightclub. To make the thing a real wingding a show was flown in from the famous Lido Club in Paris, including dancing girls, a magician and a male vocalist who sang *Some Enchanted Evening*. Seated in boiled shirts and black ties, visiting dignitaries rejoiced to think how it would help the tourist season. They thoroughly enjoyed the show, too, even though the Lido nudes, who generally perform naked to the waist, all wore brassieres, feeling that if the Moslem women in Marrakech kept their faces covered, they at least should cover something.



PROUD PASHA of Marrakech, sitting in front row in white robes, watched girl act at club opening. Though show comes from Paris, all dancing girls are English.

DANCER DENISE CARPENTER LOAFERS OUTDOORS BETWEEN REHEARSALS

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Blended Canadian Whisky
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Filling, far more hunger-satisfying than soft, quickly eaten breads. Whole-grain-rich in proteins, minerals and B-vitamins. Delicious!

COMPARE THE CALORIES:

Ry-Krisp, 1 double-square wafer ...	21
Bread, 1 slice	63
Plain roll or bun	118
Biscuit or muffin	129

SPORTS



MASKED PITTSBURGH PLAYER SNIFFING OXYGEN REVIVES FASTER THAN

OXYGEN GIVES NEW

At some football games this past fall spectators saw something new—players coming off the field and putting strange, grotesque masks to their faces. At college basketball games this winter they will see the same thing. Sports was exploiting a secret weapon—oxygen. After whiffing pure oxygen the tired athlete goes back in the fray feeling almost as good as new. Early this month, with the fad spreading, the University of Pittsburgh basketball squad volunteered for an experiment (above) to show how effective oxygen is as a recuperative agent.



UNMASKED MATE AS COACH (REAR) STUDIES STATISTICS ON REACTIONS

LIFT TO ATHLETES

After enough exercise to leave them sweating and gasping, half of the group reached for masks attached to portable respirators. The other half breathed air. A check of pulse and respiratory rates showed the oxygen group reviving 25% faster. Although some doctors are skeptical about the benefits of oxygen, they all agree it does a healthy person no harm. With the marketing of a new low-cost respirator (\$147.50) even high schools are taking to oxygen. So have some non-athletes (middle picture, right) who swear by it as a hangover cure.



TIRED BASKETBALL PLAYER inhales oxygen during Pittsburgh-Michigan game to refresh himself while teammate waits turn. The Pitt team brought only one respirator.



VENDING MACHINE peddles oxygen to a customer in a bar at San Antonio, Texas. Five minutes of pure oxygen, costing 20 cents for a minute, drives most hangovers away.



STRICKEN FAN, who nearly fainted at professional football game, gets first aid with oxygen on Los Angeles Rams players' bench as the team trainer intently watches game.

MIRAGE occurs at TV rehearsal as figure of Singer Dorothy Collins pops up behind three Yanks on a life raft adrift in the Pacific trying to get help with their radar reflector.



A Raft of Illusions

STRANGE BACKGROUND RISES ON A STUDIO SEA

Shot down and afloat in a life raft, the Navy pilot and his two passengers were frantic. Before them were North Korean riflemen. Behind them should have been Pacific surf. Instead, the horizon came alive with Indians whooping in a war dance, Germans clinking beer mugs and finally (above) a pretty girl singing.

These strange doings occurred at rehearsals for *Search*, a drama televised two weeks ago on the *Philco-Goodyear Playhouse* (NBC-TV, 9-10 p.m. EST Sundays). For the sea scene Director Delbert Mann placed a life raft on bed springs,

set a stagehand to rocking it, and placed a tank beside the raft with another stagehand to splash water on the actors. Behind the raft he set up a screen on which to play some film of ocean waves especially photographed for the scene. But because of the danger of scratching or ripping their film, odd bits of scrap film were used in the rehearsals. Everyone agreed the mirages created by these films made rehearsing seem more feverish than ever. But the telecast saw no mirages. The waves broke exactly on schedule, helped make the play a TV hit.



REALITY takes over in actual telecast when surf and sky show behind Actors Anthony Ross (left) and Everett Chambers as they aid Gene Lyons, who plays a wounded aviator.



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Heublein's Ready-to-Serve Cocktails are mixed with finest ingredients. Always ready, always right—just stir with ice and serve!



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Ready-to-Serve OLD FASHIONEDS

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Boon companion for his relaxed moments. And trust Dad to know the fine old Heublein name says "for you only the best!"



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The cocktail no cocktail party is complete without... superbly prepared by "Hugh Blime"—your barman in the bottle.



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or make it Stingers Both are as popular after dinner as before. Let Heublein's Cocktails solve your gift—and entertaining—problems.

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MANHATTAN, 65 proof • EXTRA DRY MARTINI, 65 proof • GIBSON, 75 proof (very, very dry Martini) • SIDE CAR, 60 proof • WHISKEY SOUR, 60 proof • STINGER, 60 proof • DAIQUIRI, 60 proof • OLD FASHIONED, 70 proof
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HEUBLEIN'S *Ready to Serve* COCKTAILS



APSE IS DOMINATED BY MURAL OF CRUCIFIXION

CHURCH ART IN HAITI

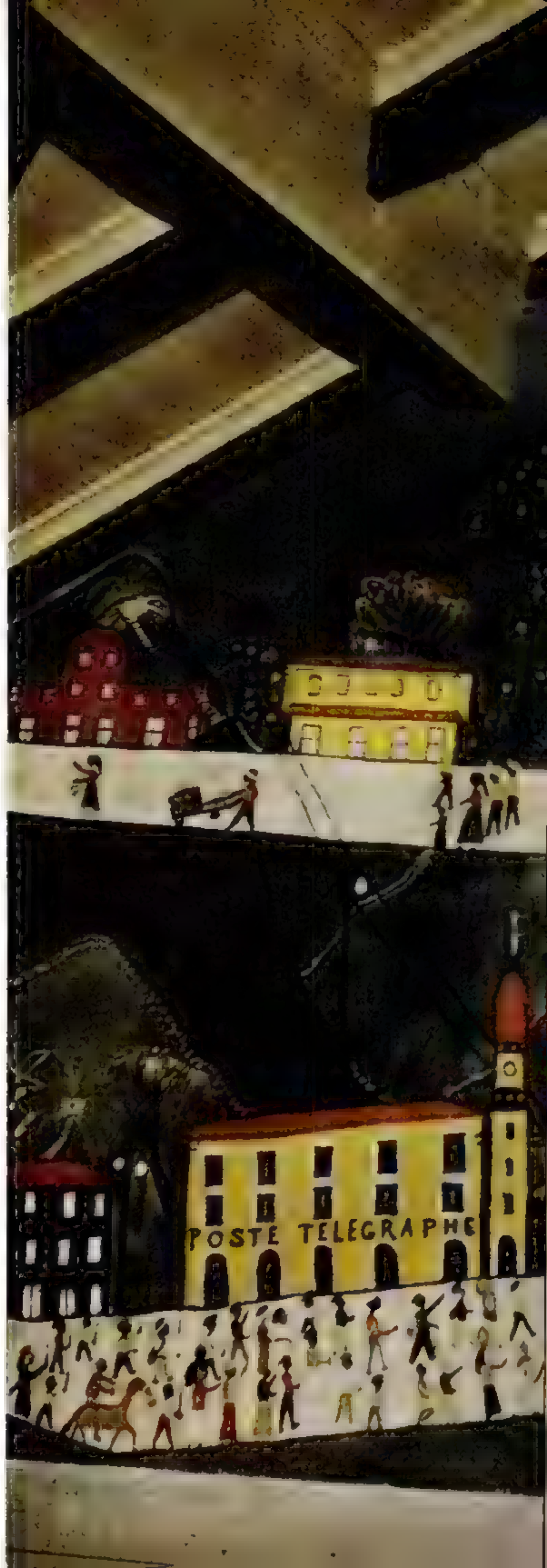
NATIVES PUT BIBLE SCENES IN LOCAL SETTING

In 1950 the Episcopal bishop of Haiti launched a remarkable project. He commissioned some Haitian natives to paint a series of religious murals for his cathedral in Port-au-Prince. The self-taught artists tackled the job with earnestness, usually starting their work with a prayer. By the end of a month they had covered the apse (*above*) and begun to spread out into the chapels and transept. Wherever they worked, they re-created the Biblical scenes in native terms, placing them in a Haitian landscape, with dark-skinned peasants worshipping Christ and voodoo musicians and native policemen attending the Wedding at Cana. Now, with all but two murals done, the bishop is out raising more funds to pay for the job.



CHICKEN THIEF pursued by policeman was painted by Wilson Bigaud, who wanted to add excitement to quiet though miraculous scene of *Wedding at Cana*.

BELOW RAFTERS DUFALT PAINTED A CHURCH PROCESSION IN MOUNTAINS →





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It's a holiday tradition to serve the very *finest*. That's why so many thoughtful hosts—men who can afford any whiskey in the world—choose and serve PM. They prefer PM's smooth, mellow taste . . . and they've found that PM's modest price is like getting up to 4 extra drinks per bottle. It's the perfect holiday gift! Try PM yourself . . . you'll agree it's *America's smartest buy!*

*Enjoy today's
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...the dividend whiskey*



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HOW GREAT MEN REALLY LOOKED

Features are preserved
in life and death masks

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIFE BY ERIC SCHAAL

Likenesses of the great men of history, who lived before photography, are familiar to posterity in many guises, glorified or caricatured or otherwise interpreted by artists. But there are often so many conflicting interpretations that the true image is confused. Here, on these nine pages, are portraits of great men which are accurate and definitive. These (with some exceptions) are death masks, made by pouring plaster on the men's faces after death and before burial. From molds thus obtained, the plaster casts are made. In these portraits the features have been refined by suffering and set in the repose of death—eyes shut, lips tight, the brooding relieved on only two or three faces with the suggestion of a smile.

These masks are all from the Laurence Hutton collection at Princeton University. Hutton, a writer who had inherited money, spent years hunting them in Europe. His collection, which dates back to the 16th Century, is the largest and best in the world.

FREDERICK THE GREAT

Frederick, the enlightened autocrat who made Prussia into a modern state, suffered from asthma in his old age. Having lost confidence in his own doctors, he summoned a Swiss specialist from Hanover. But he refused to take either the expert's medicine or his advice, continuing to eat large quantities of rich food. In 1786 the 74-year-old monarch died at his mansion at Potsdam, where this cast was made.





LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

The face of the great German composer which most of the world knows is the one above with the jaw wide, the mouth firm and determined, the lips protruding fiercely. This is a life mask made by a sculptor named Franz Klein in 1812 when Beethoven was 42. Copies of the bust Klein made from it have become familiar objects in schools, concert halls and the homes of music lovers. The mask below was made in 1827, two days after Beethoven had died at the age of 56 from overwork and the fever. Trying to hear the music of the deafness which had long afflicted the composer, doctors conducted an autopsy on him, cutting through his jawbone to reach his ears. This mutilation, as the mask shows, left deep furrows in his face and caused it to lose much of its power and strength.



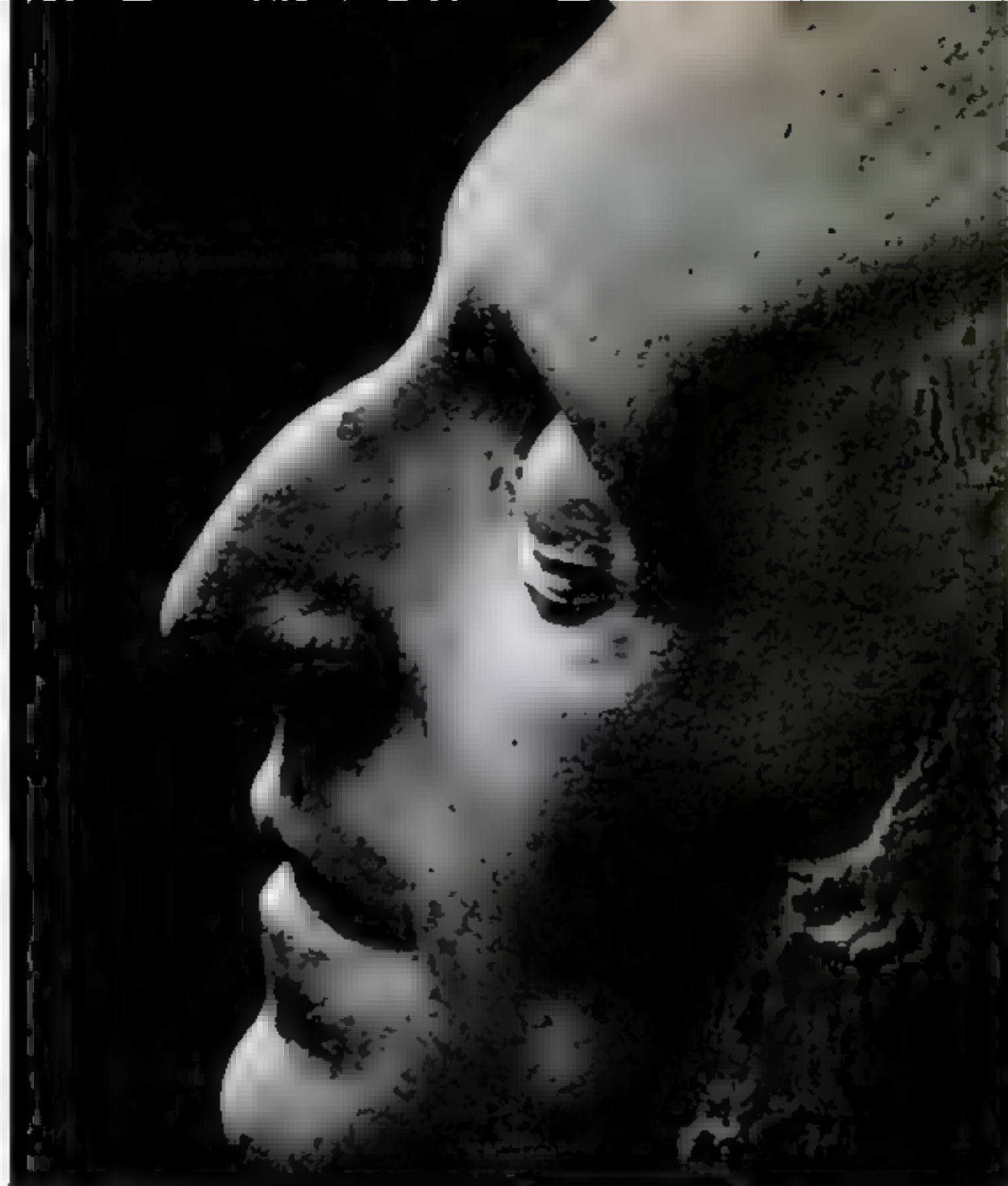
JOHN KEATS

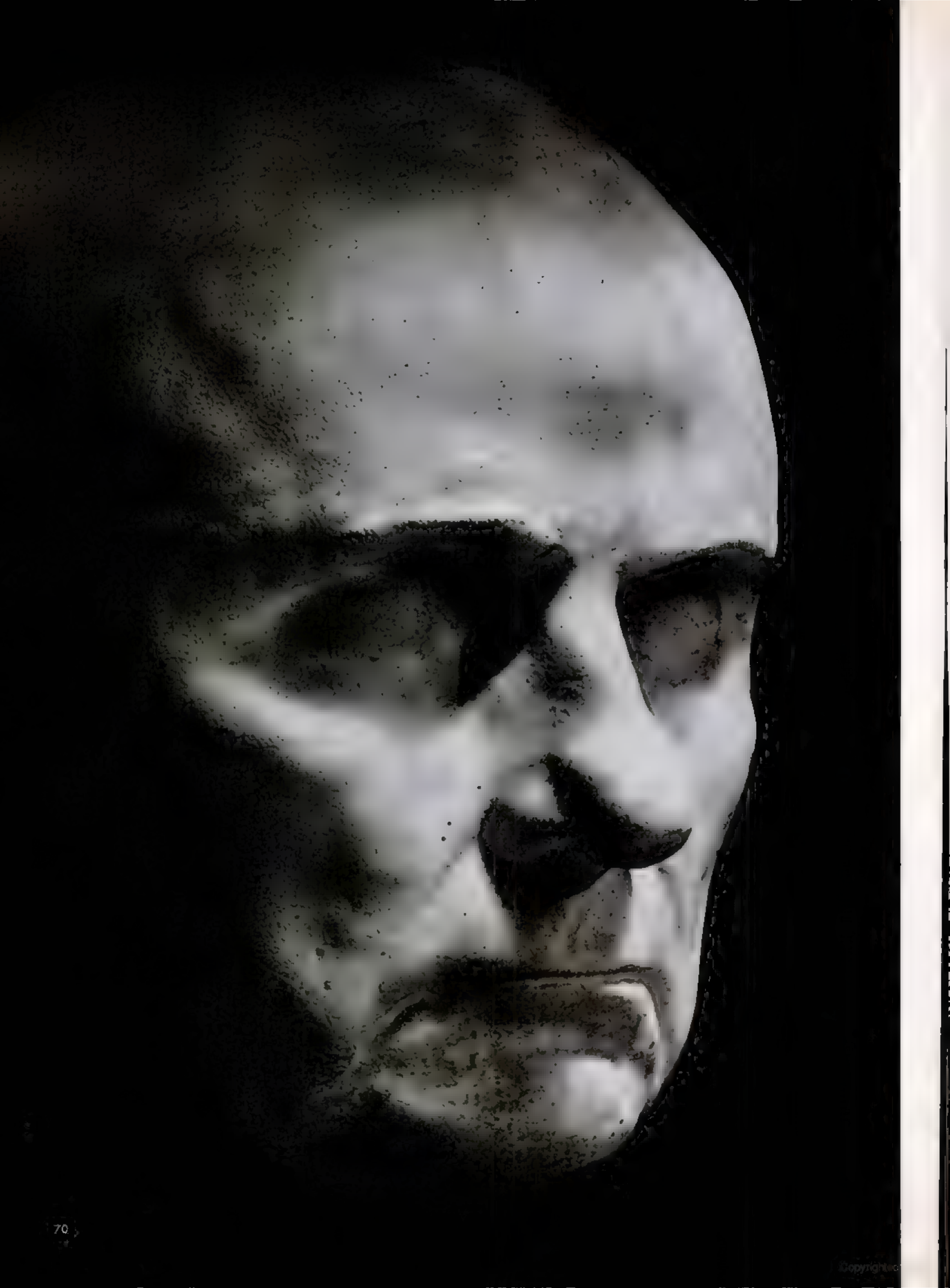
W. B. Yeats spoke of Keats as a "boy with his face pressed to the window of a sweetshop." This face of the "boy," who wrote *Ode on a Grecian Urn* at 23, was long and sensitive but with a bold chin. This mask (right) was made by his painter friend, Benjamin Haydon, while Keats was still alive. Two years later, in 1820, he was seized with the first overt symptoms of tuberculosis and a year after that, at the age of 25, he died in Rome, after telling his doctor that he "felt the flowers growing over me."

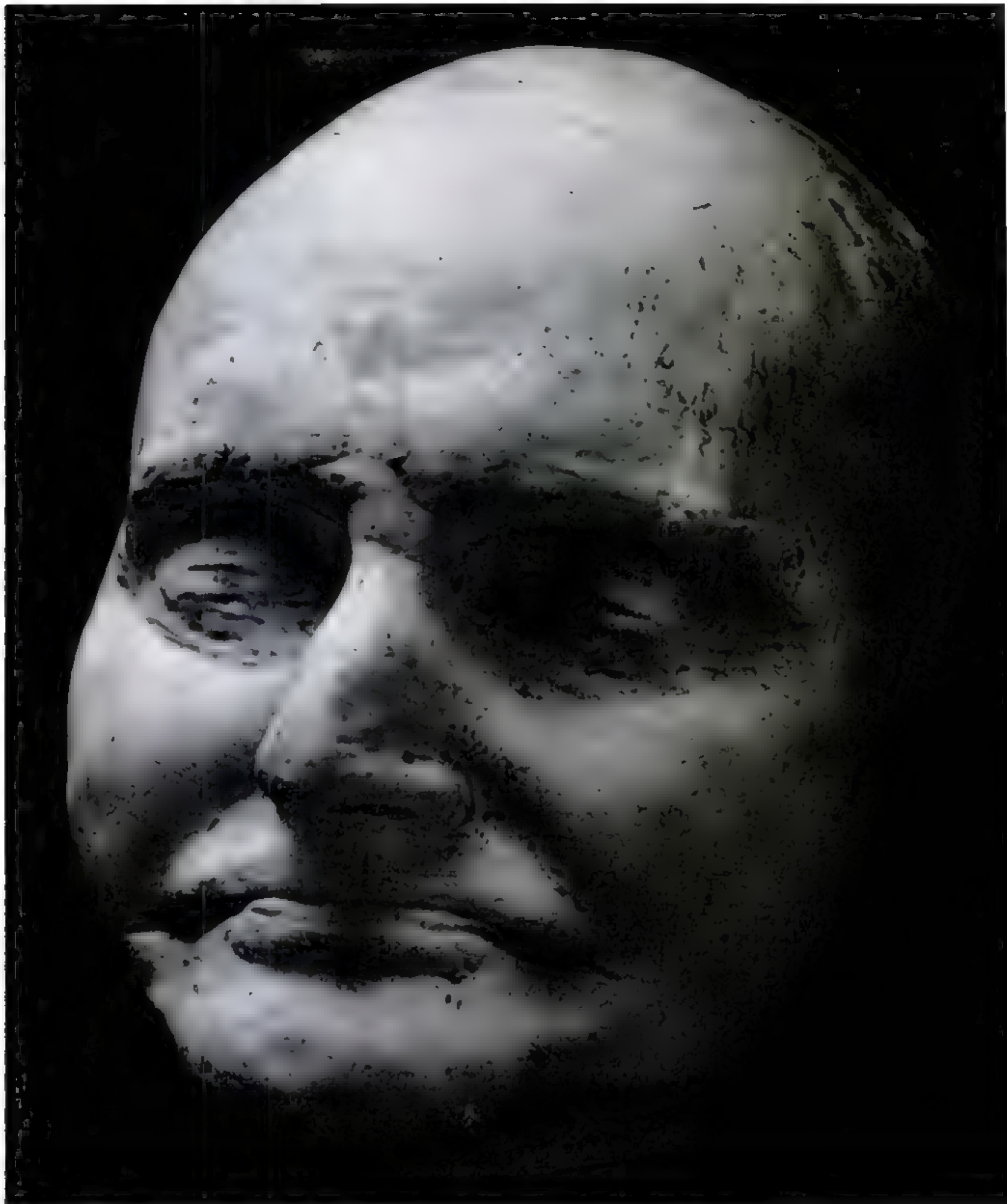


HEINRICH HEINE
FELIX MENDELSSOHN

Heine (*left*) and Mendelssohn (*right*) were two great German lyricists of the 19th Century—the one a poet, the other a musician. Heine, the older of the two, was just getting a taste of salon society when Mendelssohn, as a child prodigy, was charming all of Europe with his virtuosity on the piano. Their geniuses met when Mendelssohn wrote his best-known song, *On Wings of Song*, to the words of a Heine poem. Mendelssohn, whose disposition was gay and sunny, died first, in 1847, at the age of 38. He had driven himself to exhaustion completing his oratorio, *Elijah*. Heine, a melancholy man, suffered from an excruciatingly painful spinal illness for eight years before he died in 1856, at 58.







AARON BURR

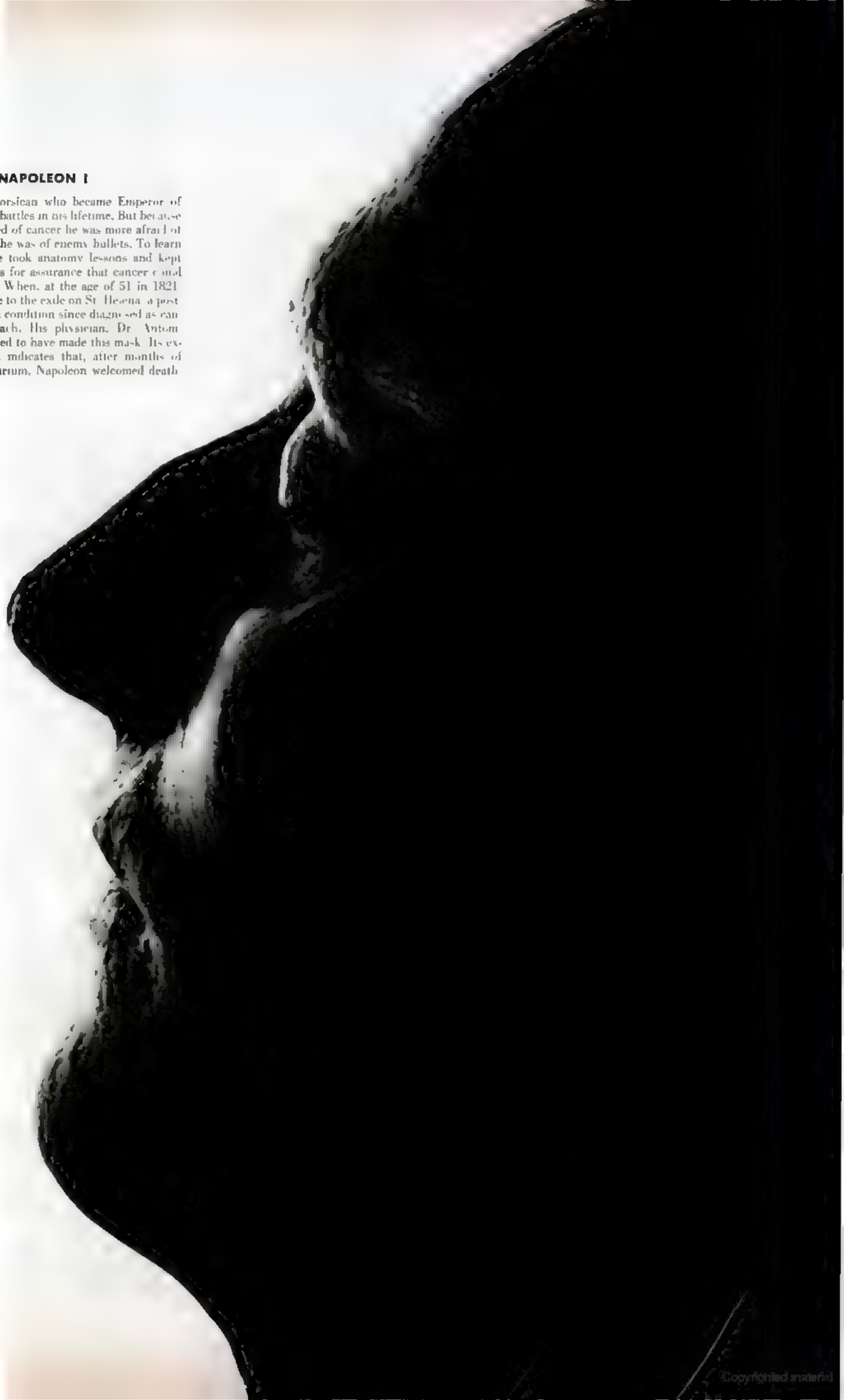
Aaron Burr, one of the most hated and possibly misunderstood figures in American history, had a set, determined face. Hounded and haunted after he had killed Alexander Hamilton and after he had tried unsuccessfully to found an empire in the Southwest, he left the U.S. and wandered through Europe for four years before returning to this country to resume a law practice in New York City. He married for the second time at 77 but the marriage—to the rich Mme. Jumel—lasted only a year. Shortly afterward he suffered a stroke and was in bed for two years before he finally died in 1836 on Staten Island, where this mask was made.

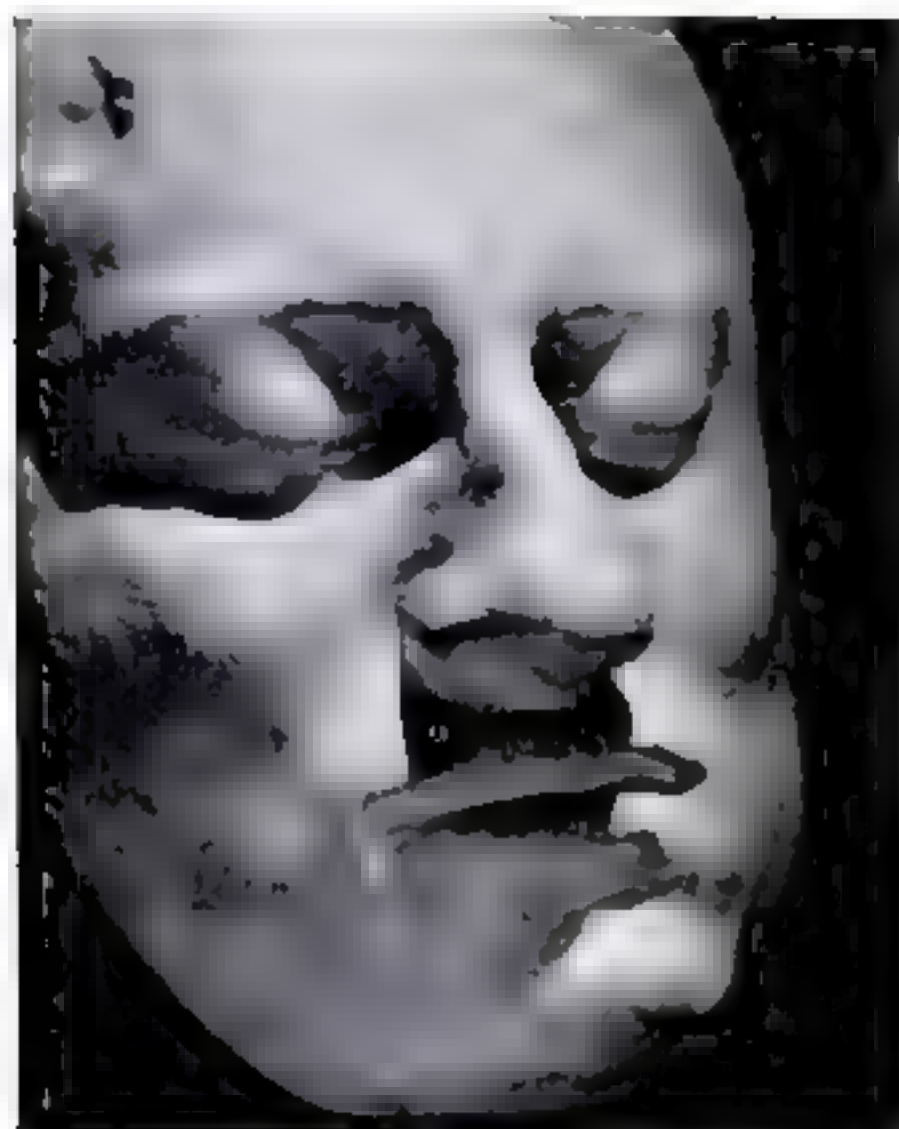
DANIEL WEBSTER

America's great orator was thin-faced with high cheek bones, as this life mask shows, and was so swarthy that at college he was called "Black Dan." So fond was he of speechmaking that on his deathbed in 1852, while only half conscious from stomach hemorrhages, the 70-year-old New Englander orated at length on religion. Once, rousing from his coma, he asked, "Have I, dear friends, said anything unworthy of Daniel Webster?" At an autopsy doctors were amazed at the heaviness of his brain, which weighed 63 ounces compared to 49 for the average man, and at his cranial capacity, which was the largest recorded up to that time.

NAPOLEON I

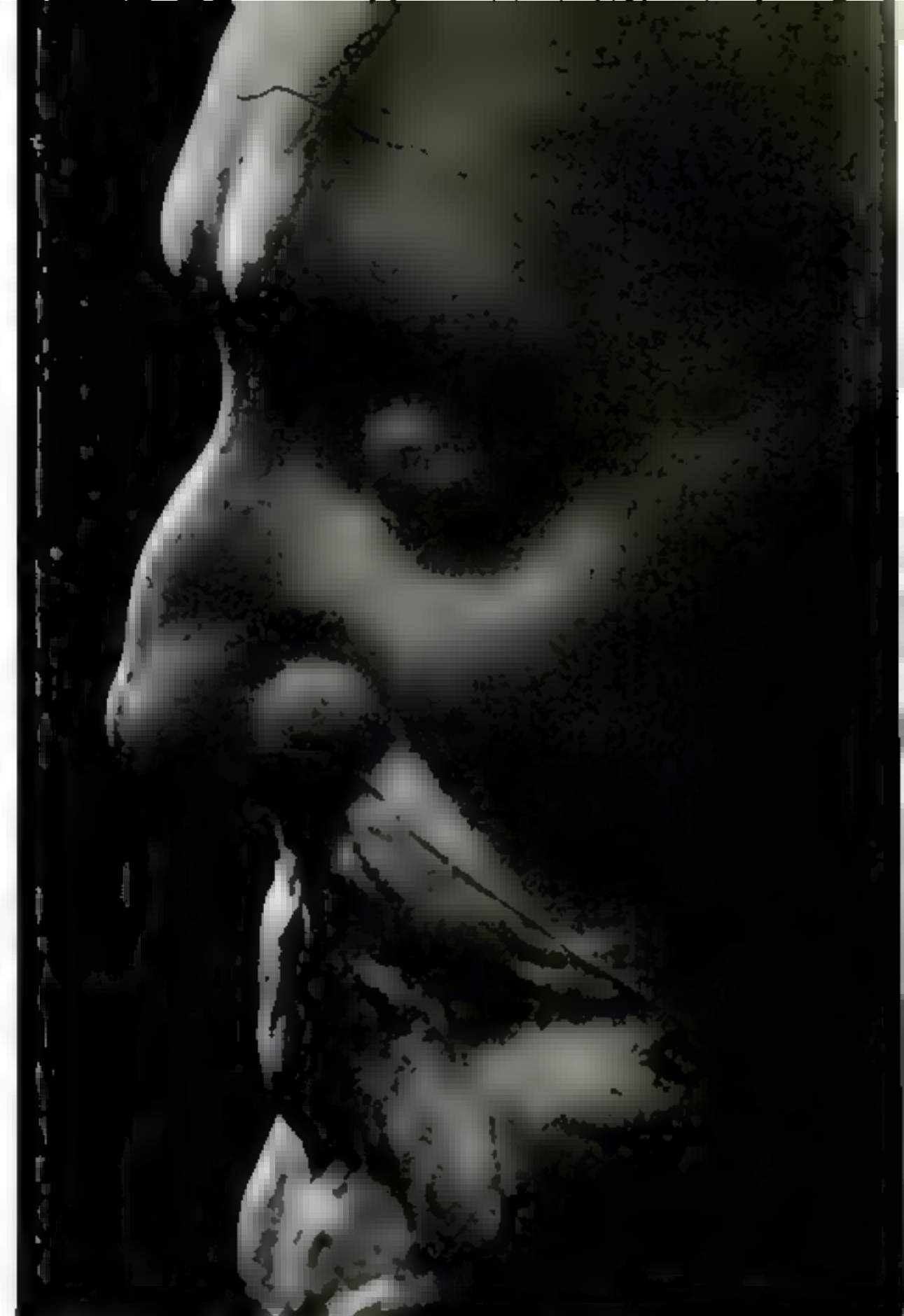
The ambitious Corsican who became Emperor of France fought 60 battles in his lifetime. But because his father had died of cancer he was more afraid of this disease than he was of enemy bullets. To learn more about it he took anatomy lessons and kept asking his doctors for assurance that cancer could not be inherited. When, at the age of 51 in 1821, death finally came to the exile on St. Helena, a post mortem showed a condition since diagnosed as cancer of the stomach. His physician, Dr. Antonmarchi, is supposed to have made this mask. Its expression of calm indicates that, after months of suffering and delirium, Napoleon welcomed death.





CHARLES XII OF SWEDEN

Sweden's greatest military hero, Charles, at 21 subdued his Danish-Norwegian neighbors, later conquered Poland and might have humbled Russia too had it not been for the severe winter weather. In 1718, making war again upon the Norwegians, he was killed at the age of 36 by shrapnel which passed through his head. His body was taken to his main camp, where a death mask was made, clearly showing (at upper left) the entry point of the fatal missile.



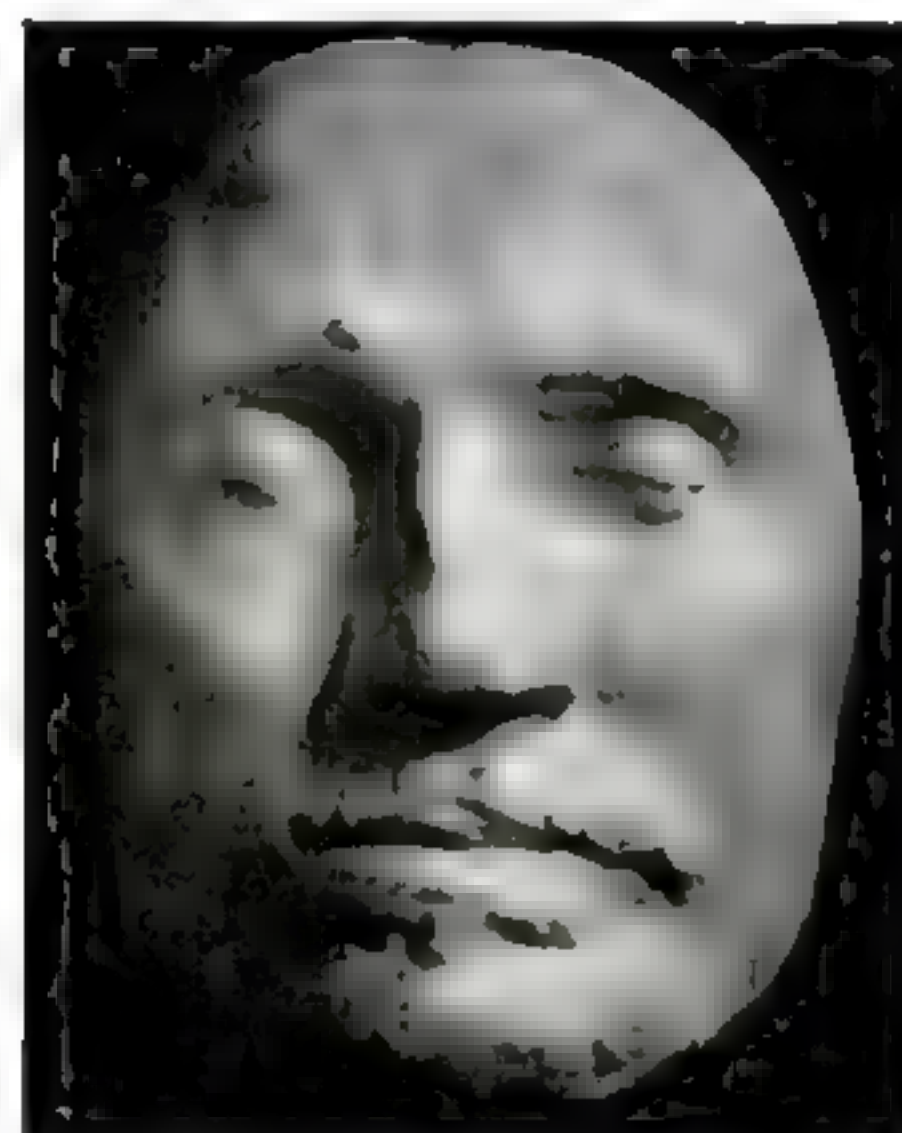
HENRY IV OF FRANCE

A popular king who wished all his subjects could have chicken for Sunday dinner, Henry built the great gallery at the Louvre and introduced the silk industry to France. He was stabbed to death at the age of 36 in 1610 by a fanatic, and three artists competed in making a death mask. But this particular mask was not made until nearly 200 years later, when Henry's body was taken out of its tomb and found to be in a state of almost perfect preservation.



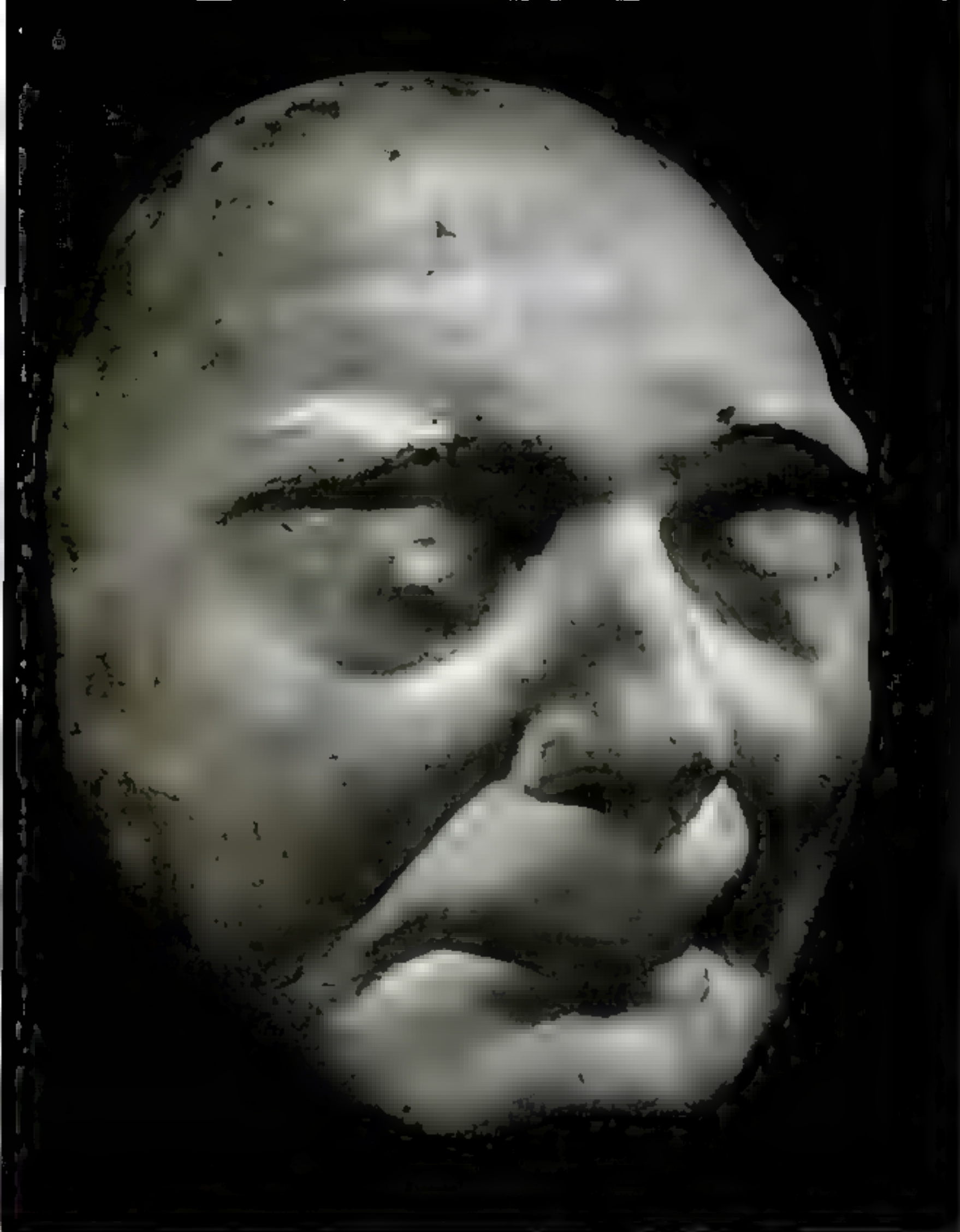
COUNT MIRABEAU

Mirabeau, whose face was riddled with pockmarks, was an eloquent spokesman for the masses before the French Revolution. But trying to save the monarchy while abolishing feudal abuses he played both sides. When he died of heart failure in 1791, at only 42, the assembly buried him in the Pantheon and had this death mask made as a guide for a bust. Later, suspected of having dealt with the court, he was "de-Pantheonized" and Marat buried in his place.



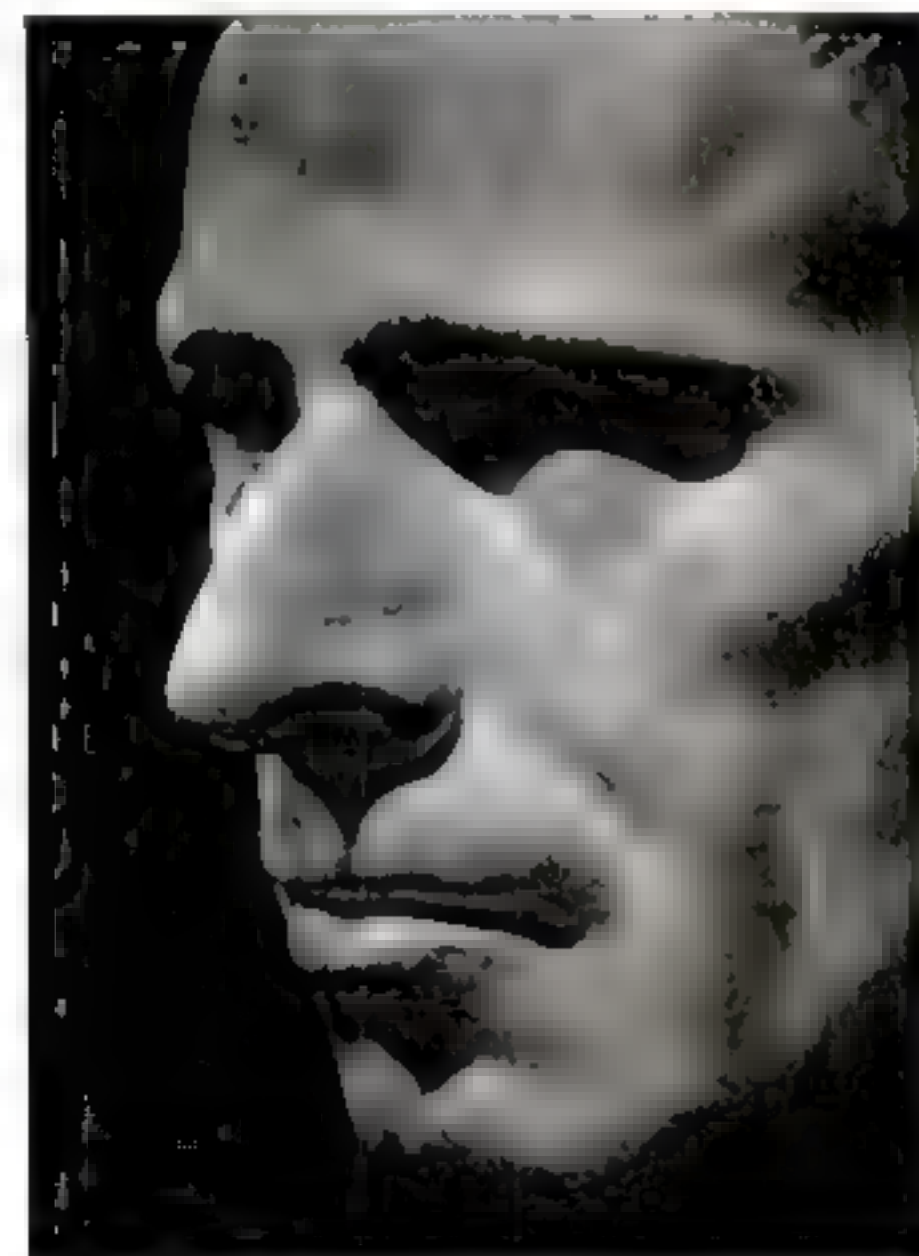
OLIVER CROMWELL

The man who fought royal despotism and then himself ruled England despotically without a crown was solemn and austere. But when the 59-year-old Protector died he was buried with pomp. This death mask was cast in the process of making a wax effigy for public display. After the Stuart restoration the feeling against Cromwell was so strong that his body was exhumed and his proud head put upon a spike. Taken down, it was sold to a traveling comedian.



JONATHAN SWIFT

"I shall be like that lofty elm whose head has been blasted," Swift prophesied, looking at a withered tree. "I shall die first at the top." Before his death, caused by hardening of the arteries, the author of *Gulliver's Travels* suffered from insanity but during his entire life he nursed a bitter resentment against mankind. He was 70 when he died in 1745 after writing his epitaph, "Where savage indignation can tear his heart no more." This mask, probably the only one in existence, is the most valuable in Hutton's collection since the original cast was destroyed.



LAURENCE STERNE

Sterne, who wrote *Tristram Shandy* and *Sentimental Journey*—the latter "to teach us to love our fellow men better"—went from one love affair to another during his life, even though he was a married clergyman. One day he was discovered by his wife in a rendezvous with the maid, and shortly after his wife went insane. Debilitated by his own debaucheries, Sterne steadily declined in health until in 1768, at the age of 54, he died of a lung infection and pleurisy. Friends who came hurrying to his deathbed from a gay party ordered this death mask made.

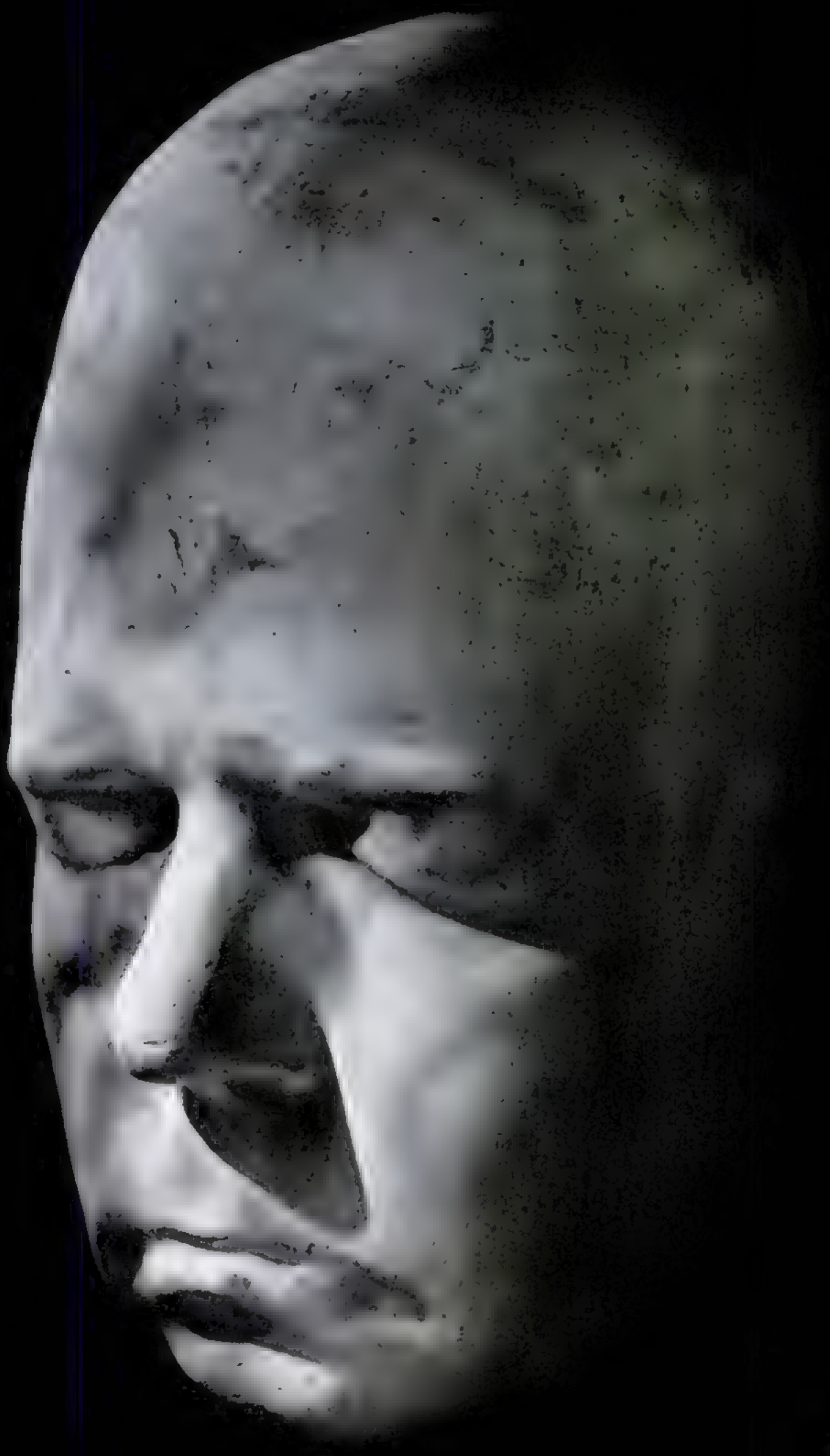


SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Of his own face Coleridge wrote, "'Tis a mere carcass of a face, fat, flabby, expressive chiefly of inexpression." In fact, his features were square, the massive lower part of his face dragging as if he were in pain. As a boy, the author of *Ancient Mariner* had suffered rheumatic fever and in later life he was attacked by agonizing rheumatism which caused him to take opium. He was 61 when he died in 1834. This death mask somehow got out of the family and remained lost until Hutton found it in a plaster shop in London. A grandson identified it as authentic.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

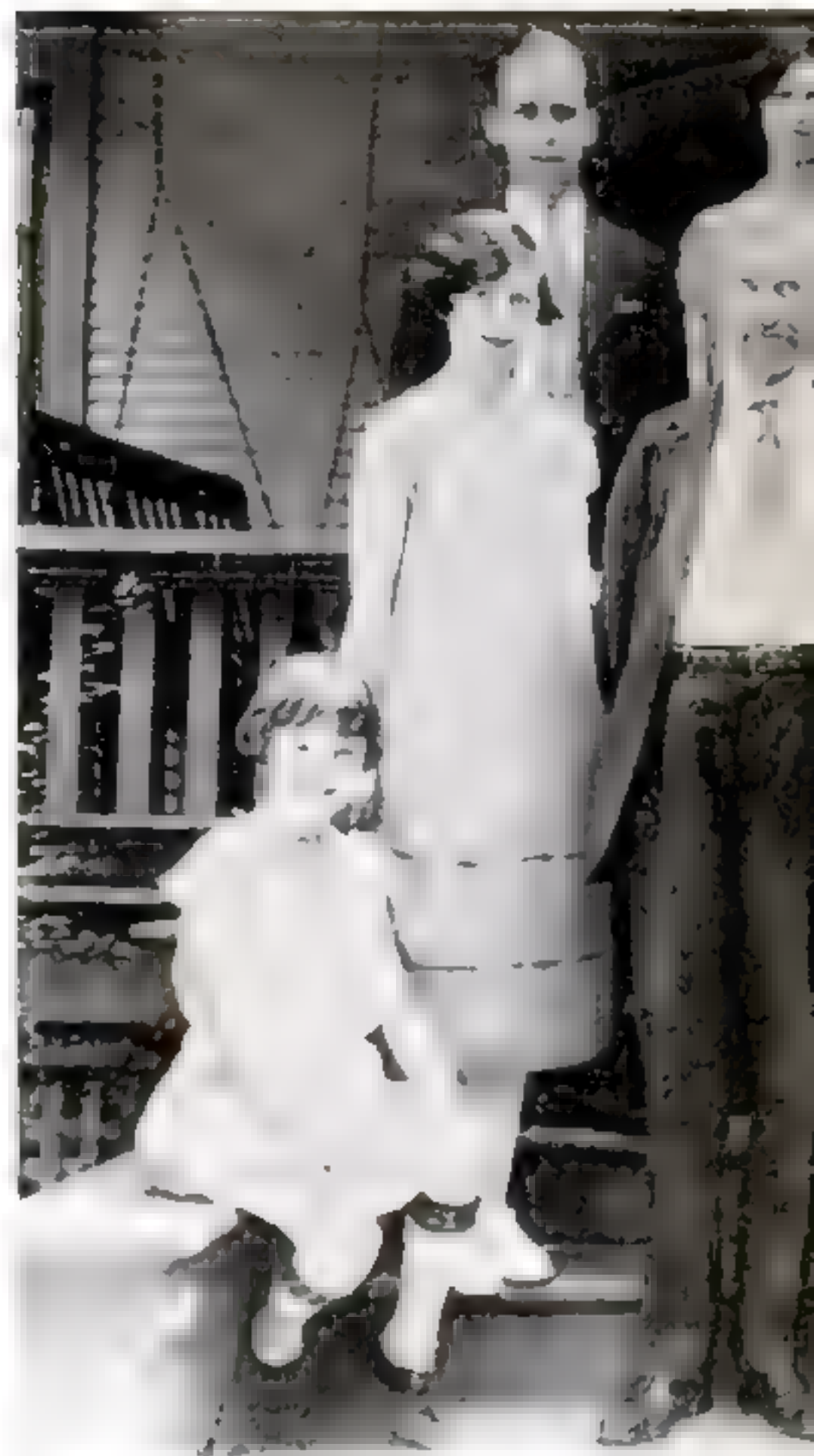
The author of *Ivanhoe* and the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* had, by Carlyle's description, a "fine Scottish face with jagged honesty." As a child an illness left him lame in one leg, but he became a fine horseman and once, fearing a French invasion, it is said he rode 100 miles in a day to rally volunteers. In 1832 he had an attack of apoplexy. He died four months later at 61. His death mask, while exaggerating his head somewhat, still shows the dome-like crown which caused his friends once to hail him "Peveril of the Peak," after the title of his longest novel.





NEAR IKE'S SIDE, where he will be during much of the next administration, Brownell stands

atop World War II-famed Mt. Suribachi on Iwo Jima, where they stopped off en route to Korea.



BROWNELL'S, 1927, stand on the steps outside home in Peru, Neb. Herbert is in back row at left,

POLITICAL STRATEGIST

WHO is the second most powerful man in the U.S. today? If we exclude members of the outgoing administration, Dwight Eisenhower is of course the first. But after Eisenhower, who?

It could be said that since the Republicans are in power, Senator Robert A. Taft is the second-ranking Republican. Or a case could be made for Secretary-designate of State John Foster Dulles, or even Secretary-designate of Defense Charles Wilson. But the evidence points to none of these. The second most powerful man in the U.S. is an inconspicuous, far-from-colorful, 48-year-old man whose name, until very recently, was unknown to nine Americans out of ten. He is Herbert Brownell, the next attorney general.

Those who have run up against Brownell's power have cause to know how great it is. A fortnight ago, when Senator Taft took off like a helicopter at the selection of Martin Durkin for secretary of labor, Taft said a very enlightening thing. "I had a number of talks with Mr. Herbert Brownell, who has been the key man in Cabinet appointments, and . . ." Then he went on to indicate that he thought he had been stabbed.



parents are in center. Daughter Louise holds her son; Brownell granddaughters sit on balustrades.



BROWNELLS, 1932, gather in front of mantel at their home after his appointment as attorney

general. Children are, left to right: James Barker, 9, Joan, 16, Thomas McCarter, 12, and Ann, 14.

Eisenhower's Right Hand

HERBERT BROWNELL BECOMES NUMBER TWO POWER IN THE COUNTRY

by ROBERT WALLACE

When Eisenhower went to Korea he took with him only two members of his Cabinet. One was Charles Wilson, a logical companion inasmuch as Wilson's department was directly concerned. The other was Brownell, apparently a totally illogical choice. Brownell knows little about military problems or production; he will have no armed men serving under him except the members of the FBI; he knows little about foreign policy; and he is as out of place in a combat zone as Grandma Moses. Why then was he taken along?

The answer lies in what Brownell carries around in his large and wispy-haired head. He is a highly intelligent man who is able to make rapid and very sound judgments even about things with which he may at the outset be unfamiliar. Brownell is a human thinking machine and can think not alone in terms of things as they appear but as they might be. One or two of the men around Eisenhower may be more intelligent than Brownell, several may be more sophisticated, some on occasion may make sounder judgments; but as an all-around man, as an intellectual-political utility infielder, Brownell is without equal. His opinions carry tremen-

dous weight with Eisenhower, and a great deal can be learned about the character of the new administration by considering who Brownell is, where he came from and where he may be going.

Brownell has been a power in Republican politics, though not a candidate for any office, for more than 10 years. He was Republican national chairman from 1944 to 1946; he obtained two presidential nominations and managed two national campaigns for Dewey; more than anyone else, he got the nomination for Eisenhower and heavily influenced his campaign. These are the major facts of his political life, but the minor ones are more revealing.

Brownell is a transplanted Midwesterner. He was born in 1904 in Peru, Neb., and grew up in Lincoln, where his father was a professor of science education at Nebraska State University. In the family there were four girls and three boys, of whom Herbert was the second boy. It was a genteel, Methodist household—playing cards were not permitted in the house—and the children were all formidable students. When they went to the university, the exceptional Brownells were

the ones who failed to make Phi Beta Kappa. Five of the seven, including Herbert, did.

All the girls taught school, and three married professors. One of the boys, Dr. Samuel M. Brownell, is now simultaneously a professor in the Yale Law School and president of the New Haven State Teachers' College.

Because of its size the family never had much money, and a great deal of Brownell's spare time was taken up by odd jobs. He was a newspaper delivery boy, handyman in a publishing office and served a hitch as janitor of the Lincoln Congregational Church.

Brownell was not athletic and had only one hobby, collecting the pictorial calling-cards handed out by the politicians of the day. He once had thousands of them. Moreover he knew what offices the politicians were running for and what their stands were, and used to brief his parents before they went to the polls. Often a youngster so precocious in one matter is, in others, a jerk, but this was not so in Brownell's case. At the Lincoln High School he served a term as president of his class, was president of the Debating Club and managing editor of the newspaper.

At the University of Nebraska Brownell's



RISE OF BROWNELL in politics has brought him a long way from his green-shuttered birthplace in Peru (left). At 28 he was a state legislator in New York and



is shown (second picture from left) making an impassioned speech in legislature at Albany. At 39, in 1943, he relaxed (next picture) before directing Dewey's campaign



EISENHOWER'S RIGHT HAND CONTINUED

interest in politics took the direction it still follows. Instead of running for elective office as he had in high school, he became a behind-the-scenes operator. Colonel H. R. Turner, deputy adjutant general of Nebraska and a classmate of Brownell's ('24), says, "He was a little smarter than the rest of us sitting around the table smoothing things out. Herb was in campus politics but in a sort of background way. Herb was one of the planners. He was always up in the attic with a secret little group. He was pleasant, conscientious, never boisterous—a darned good schemer. But I don't know that he missed any of the fraternity parties. He liked to date around." Brownell also edited the *Daily Nebraskan*, was president of the journalism fraternity and was chosen by popular vote as one of "the 10 most representative Nebraska students" in his class.

When he graduated he had not made up his mind what career to follow, so he applied for scholarships at the Yale Law School and the Columbia School of Journalism. Yale made him the best offer, and there he went. At Yale, Brownell was a brilliant student. He became editor of the *Law Review*, a position customarily held by the outstanding man in the class. He roomed with his older brother Samuel, who was also taking a postgraduate course, and in the summers they traveled around the country in a third- or fourth-hand Model-T Ford.

On one of these trips Brownell got his first look at Washington, D.C., and was part of an odd tableau that might have been arranged by a movie scriptwriter. As Herbert and Samuel walked down Pennsylvania Avenue on the day of a Preparedness Day parade, they came upon a large, empty reviewing stand and sat down on the curbstone across the street to await the appearance of President Coolidge and his Cabinet. After a couple of hours the great men arrived and took their places in the stand, to the awe of the young Brownells. As they sat there, Coolidge's attorney general, John Garibaldi Sargent, looked across the street at Brownell, agape and shabby, and Brownell looked across at Sargent. They were separated by 84 feet of asphalt; but after Sargent there were to be no more Republican attorney generals until the young sightseer should assume the office himself.

After he graduated from Yale, Brownell went to work for the big Wall Street law firm (or factory) of Root, Clark, Buckner and Ballantine. Two years later, in 1929, he transferred to Lord, Day & Lord, an old, conservative office of excellent standing in New York. It took Brownell only three years to become a partner in Lord, Day & Lord and, when he resigns on Jan. 1, he will have been one for 20 years.

Almost as soon as he established himself in New York Brownell joined a Young Republican Club located in what was then the 10th Assembly District, now the 1st. In the early '30s the Seabury investigation of corruption in the city government was a major political issue. It happened that the man who represented the 10th district in the state legislature, a Democrat named Langdon Post, was opposed to the investigation and had voted against the appropriation of state funds to carry it out. This upset Brownell, who had not thought much about corruption in government previously but now became furious about it. As a result Brownell made a brief foray out of the "attic," to use the word of his classmate. In 1931 he ran against Post for the one-year term as a state representative, and lost. His campaign manager, a fellow member of the Young Republican Club, a fellow Midwesterner who had come East to make a career in New York law and politics, was a young man named Tom Dewey, who later went on to become Thomas E. Dewey. Since that campaign 21 years ago, Brownell and Dewey have been close political friends.

Next year Brownell again ran for the legislature; this time he won. The year 1932 may seem a long time ago, and the number of votes involved (about 25,000) may be insignificant, but that election indicated a great deal about the man.

To begin with, the district was, and still is, what Brownell calls "a laboratory for politics." Gerrymandered, wandering through Greenwich Village, Gramercy Park, the garment district and the theater district, it contains all manner of people and all manner of businesses. In many ways it is a political miniature of the nation. What Brownell did in the district and how he did it foreshadowed what he would do later in the state and the country.

Work on the middle

HIS first step was to build a Republican organization from the bottom up. He is an absolutely devoted, almost fanatic organizer, a man who believes that nothing can be accomplished without the creation and maintenance of a machine. In organizing his district he began with the members of the Young Republican Club, most of them recently out of college, who were set to the task of organizing other bright young men in the district. This done, all hands began to ring doorbells, constantly and tirelessly, scrambling for each available vote. One of the men who worked beside Brownell in those days says, "We used to sit in the polling places when the people came in to register. That was legal. We made out a card for every single voter—Republicans in one pile, Democrats in another, and in the third we kept those we figured could be persuaded either way. We didn't bother much with the solid Democrats because we knew we couldn't get them. Same thing with the Republicans, because we already had them. But we sure worked over the people in the middle."

Organization and doorbell-ringing are two of the bases of Brownell's success. It is as simple as that. But what the doorbell-ringer says to the ringee is not so simple. Often Brownell and his helpers found that a smile and a handshake would suffice; often they found that a little friendly argument would do; sometimes they found it expedient to apply pressure.

In later years Brownell and his assistants developed an all-inclusive card file which they used in securing convention votes for presidential nominees. The card on each delegate contained every vital fragment of information about the individual that could be obtained: his personal and political history, his prejudices and prejudices, the circumstances of his employment, lists of friends to whom he was "responsive" and so on. A man armed with one of these cards could often be highly persuasive in talking to another man.

Brownell is a realist. He works with things as they are. Those who believe politicians should preoccupy themselves with pure morality can make a strong case against this point of view, but as strong a case can be made for it. "The true rule in determining to embrace or reject anything," said Lincoln, "is not whether it have any evil in it, but whether it have more of evil than of good." In any case, no one will ever accuse Brownell of being impractically idealistic.

Brownell served four terms in the legislature, where he had a sound, liberal record. Dewey had begun his racket-busting activities as Special Prosecutor and Brownell introduced the bills to implement them. He sponsored bills to reorganize the New York City government, to liberalize the alimony laws, to set up a minimum-wage standard and to legalize bars in theaters (this one got nowhere).

He also introduced a child-labor law, the principle of which has since been enacted into federal law. While his bill was being considered



for the nomination and presidency. In 1945, as the Republican national chairman, he acted as conciliator with conservatives Robert Taft and Joe Martin.

Brownell voted against another proposed child-labor law on the ground that his own was better. When news of this reached his constituency it caused a great uproar among the left-wingers. A group of Communists picketed his house with signs accusing him of all manner of bestiality, and Brownell's young children, peering fearfully out the windows, were treated to the sight of a child being hanged in effigy.

In 1937 Brownell quit the legislature to spend more time on the law practice which he had necessarily been neglecting. He specialized in business law and did a good deal of work for restaurants and hotels. For a number of years he has been general counsel for the American Hotel Association, getting an all-around education which will help him in his job as attorney general. (The hotel business is the seventh largest in the U.S., has immensely complicated tax problems and involves many other businesses.) Brownell also served as chief counsel for the New York World's Fair in 1940; of more than 1,000 suits brought against the fair, it lost only one.

In 1942 he returned to politics, this time to manage Dewey's first campaign for the governorship of New York. His penchant for organizing had grown stronger. Formerly the various candidates for office throughout the state had individual campaign managers, each of whom was inclined to go his own way. Brownell demoted the whole batch, making them assistant managers responsible to him, and thus coordinated the Republican effort. Every candidate, no matter what he was running for, had to put in a plug for Dewey. The result was that after 19 years of Democratic governorship New York got a Republican governor. He is still in and can remain in, if he wants, for many years to come because after he took office, advised most astutely by Brownell, he has been able, throughout the state save in Democratic New York City, to build an unbreakable, unbeatable Republican machine.

Brownell was the key figure in Dewey's handling of New York State patronage just as, in Taft's words, he has been "the key man in Cabinet appointments"; and he is the key man in the appointment of some hundreds of second- and third-level federal administrators today. Many people have the impression that "patronage" is somehow a dirty word; it is not, at least in Brownell's interpretation of it. In selecting a man for any important government job Brownell of course considers party loyalty, but that alone is far from sufficient. He also expects and—as indicated in the federal appointments already announced—gets ability and integrity.

Several weeks before the 1952 election, at Brownell's suggestion, the Republican party retained a management consultant firm, McKinsey & Co. of New York, to survey the qualifications required for some 950 important government jobs. This is a novel and sound approach to the problem and indicates that Brownell is not thinking of appointing the first 950 party hacks thrust forward by the state committees.

When Brownell, with the help of men like Paul Lockwood, J. Russel Sprague, Elliott Bell and Edwin Jaekle, obtained the 1944 and 1948 nominations for Dewey, political observers marveled at the smoothness with which they were obtained. The words "steamroller" and "ruthless" were often and appropriately used to describe the skillfully organized, ably managed mechanisms Brownell created. Perhaps there is no other means to success in American politics. The day of the politician who is only a backslapper and a

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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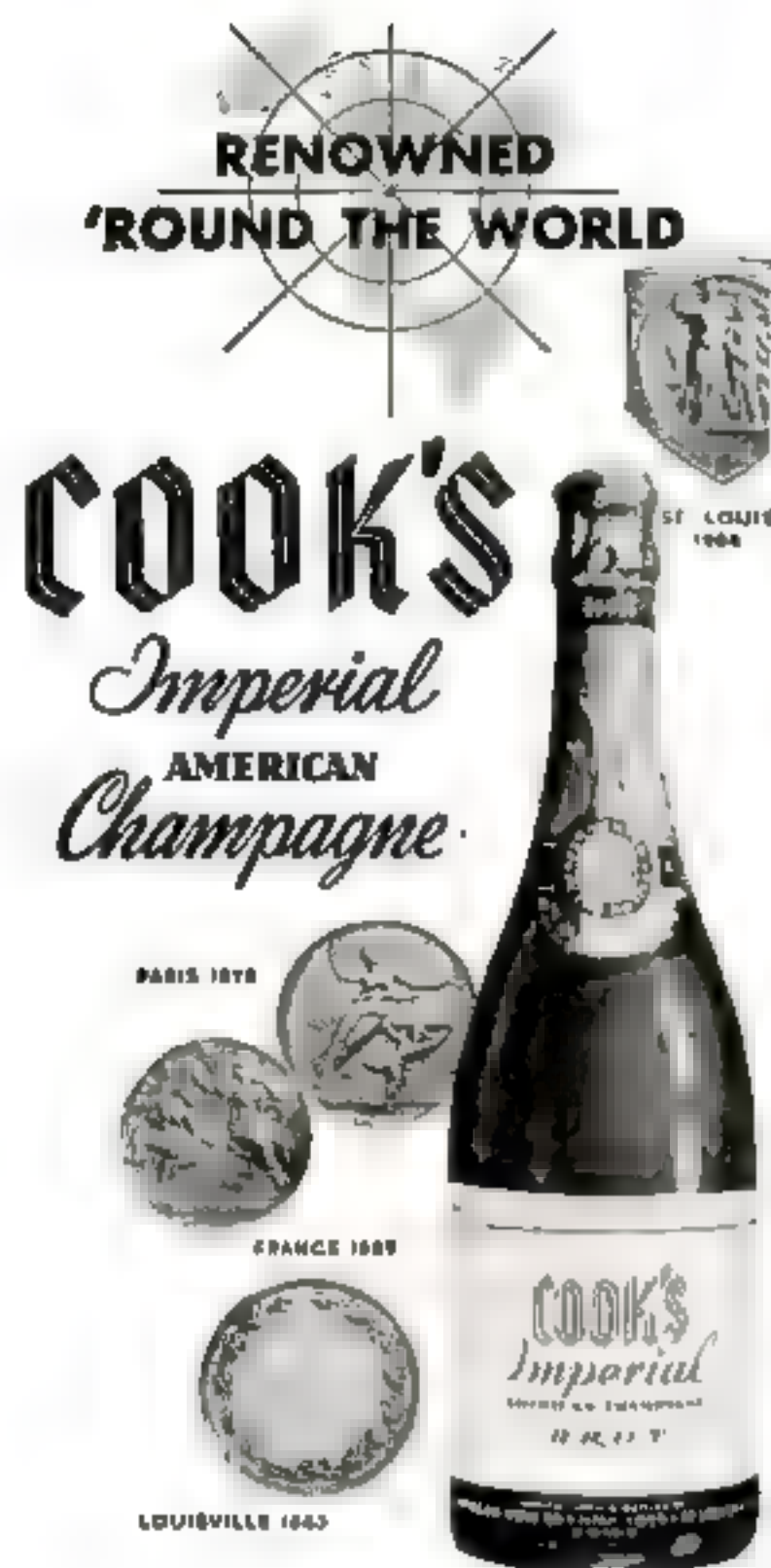


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EISENHOWER'S RIGHT HAND CONTINUED

simple, nice guy is dead. Brownell is a nice guy, but when he sets out to win he is armed with more than charm.

The relationship between Brownell and Dewey has been assessed by many knowledgeable observers. Some think of Brownell as a man who has always taken orders and will continue to do so. Others think of Brownell as entirely his own boss, a dedicated man who is uninterested in office for himself but who is interested in manipulating the careers of others, with the aim of securing the kind of good government he wants. The latter seems closer to the truth. "He is not Dewey's Brownell," says a member of the Republican National Committee. "He is Ike's Brownell." More than that, he is Brownell's Brownell. As such he may some day again work for Dewey. Recently, when he was asked whether he thought Dewey was still interested in the presidency, Brownell said, "Of course." If Eisenhower serves two terms he will be out of the running in 1960, but Dewey will be only 58, and his erstwhile campaign manager will be in a position of great power.

Brownell and Eisenhower first came in contact in March of this year, less than eight months before the election. At that time Senator Lodge was Eisenhower's unofficial campaign manager. Some of the strong Eisenhower backers in the party did not think matters were going well. Senator Taft was picking up delegates rapidly, and the Ike men did not have a real tactician, a smooth operator who could go out and undercut him. These Eisenhower supporters—Dewey, Lodge, Clay, Duff and others—decided that Brownell was precisely the man who could do it.

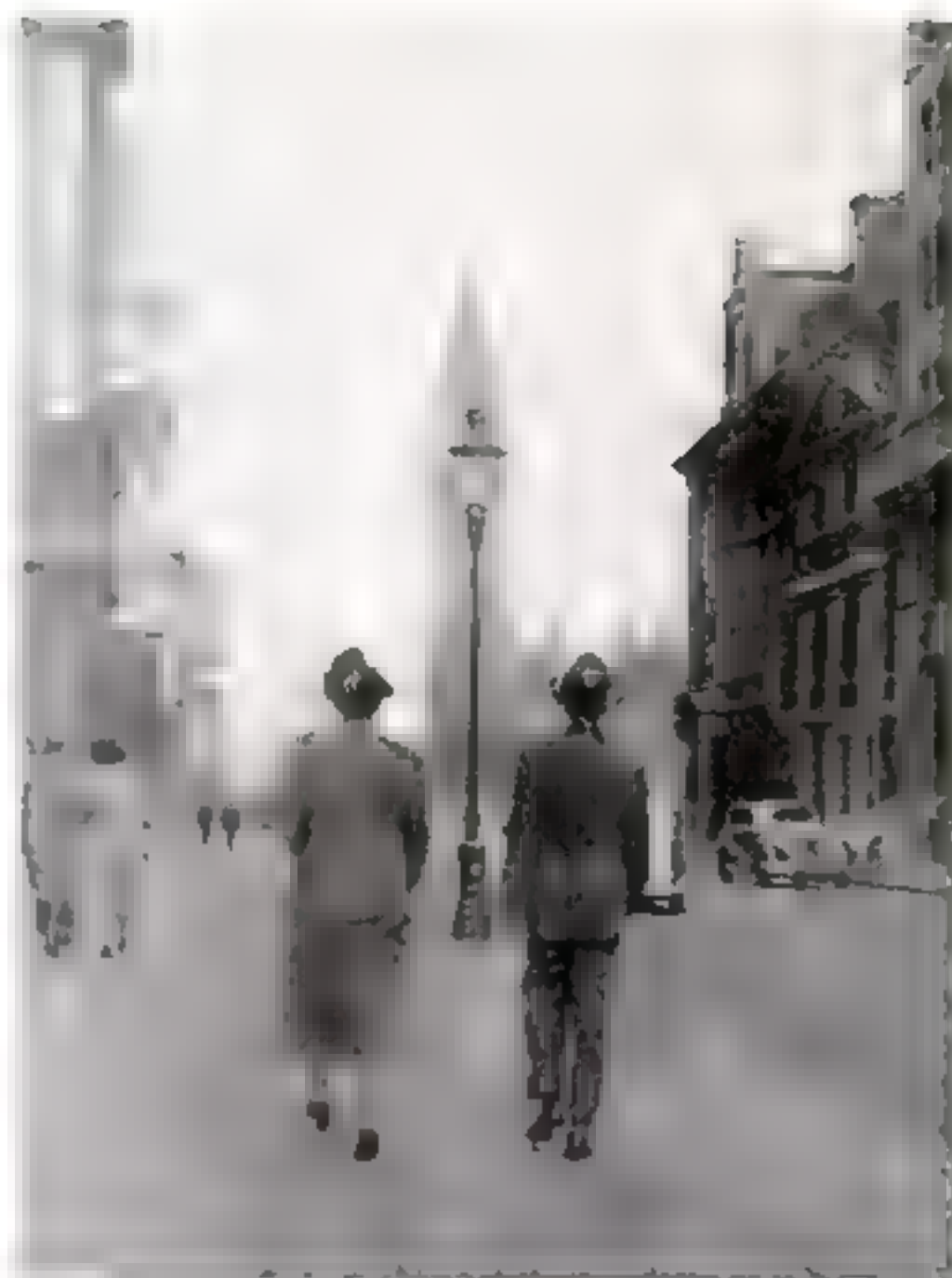
Brownell, however, was sincerely uninterested in trying. He did not consider himself particularly qualified: after all, Dewey had been whipped twice. Brownell had temporarily withdrawn from politics to make some money at his law practice; he had a family to support. Nonetheless, the Eisenhower backers persuaded him to consider the task. So on March 25, a very reluctant man, he flew to Paris to see the general. They talked for two days.

Their conversation is known only to them, but Brownell is known to have taken certain points of view into it and to have emerged with others. One thing that had troubled him, as it troubled many other Americans, was that Eisenhower, for all his qualities as soldier and statesman, simply was unaware of the nature of American politics. Brownell is a representative of the younger and more liberal wing of the Republican party. What did Eisenhower think of the other wing? Was he sophisticated and, as need might be, ruthless enough to deal with it? What, if anything, did Eisenhower know about domestic issues?

The fight over Texas

WHEN the long conversation ended, Brownell was convinced that Eisenhower could deal with anything and that if he had areas of ignorance about important things he could fill them in extremely fast. The great fact about Eisenhower was his equanimity, his refusal to become excited and rash in any matter. These are qualities that Brownell, as a lawyer, admires above all else and which he himself possesses in large degree. Equanimity and soundness of judgment became the basis of the mutual respect that now exists between the men.

Brownell came back from Paris and set to work with great energy. He did not figure in the headlines, partly because he is a quiet man but more because he is nobody's fool. It is true that he knew many delegates and politicians in all parts of the country, but it is equally true that he was considered a Dewey man and there are many states where this is no advantage. Dewey did not and



EN ROUTE TO IKE last spring Brownell saw London sights with wife of law partner. Paris conference sold him on the general, so he went to work to elect Eisenhower.

does not "control" Eisenhower but, if Dewey's ex-manager Brownell had appeared prominently in the pre- or postconvention campaigns, too many people might have thought so.

Brownell's biggest contribution to the nomination was his strategy in the fight over the Texas delegates. Once the pro-Eisenhower delegates were seated at the convention, the battle was in effect over. The background of it, which was not clear at the time, now is.

Early in May, just after the Texas precinct conventions—the county conventions and the state convention at Mineral Wells were still to come—it appeared that Eisenhower had considerable strength among the voters. Indeed, he had far more strength than his own backers recognized. The Taft men, who were older and more experienced politicians, saw this at a glance. Alarmed, the Taft forces made an offer: would the Ike men consider an 18-18 split of the delegates to the national convention? The offer came from Old Guard leader Marshall Kennady of Tarrant County and was made to Ike backers Jack Porter and Bill Francis of Houston. Porter and Francis were puzzled. It seemed quite possible to them that the Taft forces could swing more than 18 delegates and they could not understand the charitable gesture. They telephoned Oveta Culp Hobby, publisher of the Houston Post and ex-head of the WAC, whom Eisenhower has now designated as federal security administrator. Mrs. Hobby got in touch with Brownell, waking him with a long-distance call at 2 a.m.

Although the offer looked exceedingly good, Brownell, the careful tactician, refused to bite. He advised his friends to watch and wait.

The offer was repeated, held open through the county conventions, in which Eisenhower showed even more strength, and kept open until the eve of the Mineral Wells convention. By this time Brownell had flown down to Texas.

"One of the remarkable things about Brownell," Francis says, "is that both sides liked him and trusted him, even the people in the Taft camp. He wouldn't tell us what to do. He never tells anybody to do this or that. He just sort of talks it over with you and when you get through you have the idea without his pushing it at you."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32



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About Next Week's



It has become traditional for **LIFE** to try to give you some editorial treat to add to your holidays. It may be Michelangelo's breathtaking Sistine Chapel (1949) or a special section for children (1950). This year the editors have already finished wrapping up a variety of gifts to scatter under your Christmas tree.

For everyone who tries to carol *Silent Night* or *White Christmas*, on or off key, there is a song commissioned by **LIFE** from America's most famous song-writing team, Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein 2nd. It is called *Happy Christmas, Little Friend* and will be printed, music and words, in a colorful cover and border done by Roger Duvoisin. Complete with a piano arrangement, it will be bound into the Christmas issue.

Christmas isn't complete without books, so from the world created by the most famous writer of mystery stories, **LIFE** will bring back the world's greatest detective, Sherlock Holmes, in a hitherto unpublished story, *The Adventure of the Seven Clocks*. Not since the death of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has any new Holmes story been authenticated by the Doyle estate. This one, done with the help of Sir Arthur's son, will appear complete with Holmes's deer-hunter hat, Dr. Watson and a yellow-brown Baker Street fog.

Since everybody is especially interested at this time in gifts—other people's as well as their own—**LIFE** has taken a look back at the most famous gifts of history. In 12 pages of color next week a fabulous gallery will be shown: the gift which Harun-al-Rashid of the *Arabian Nights* sent from Bagdad to Charlemagne, the bauble Napoleon gave Josephine when he was tiring of her love, the present an infatuated Russian nobleman gave to the greatest ballerina of the 19th Century, and the treasure a grateful Portugal gave to England's greatest military hero.

There are also some favorite fairy tales, enacted by marionettes, and other things in **LIFE**'s Christmas package which will delight you on Christmas day and keep you interested for days after. So that you may have them by Christmas, we are making every effort to get copies into the mail early for subscribers and on the newsstands by Tuesday.

May your Christmas be a truly merry one.

ANDREW HEISKELL, *Publisher*



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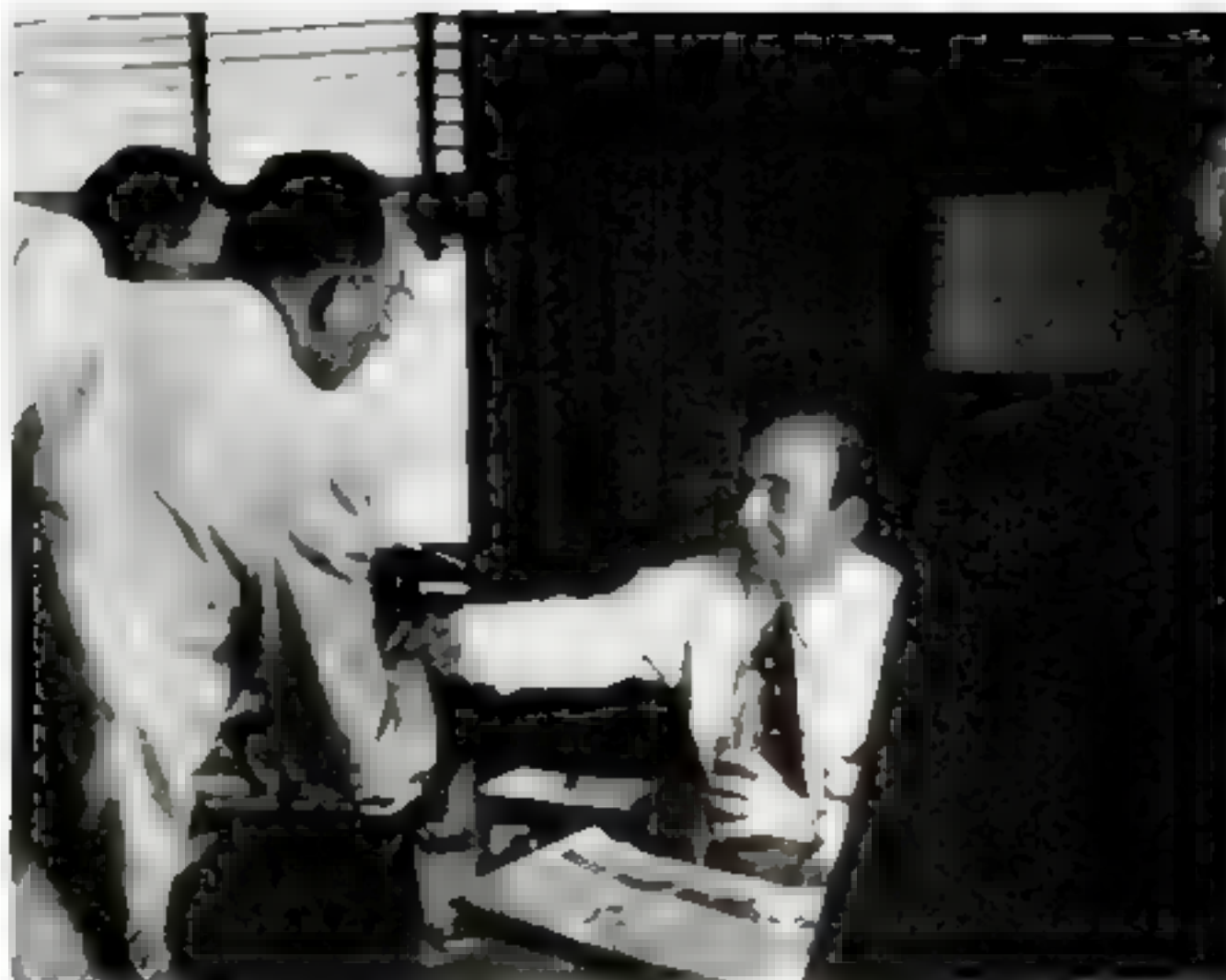
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IN HOTEL ROOM HQ at 1952 convention, Brownell directs strategy of the campaign to get the nomination for Eisenhower. He rarely left the room.

EISENHOWER'S RIGHT HAND CONTINUED

Brownell did not advise Francis to accept or reject the offer, the real meaning of which had finally become plain. It meant: "Perhaps you can win more than 18 delegates, but that's all you can have. Take the 18 or nothing." He simply said, "If you want to settle for 18, that's your baby. But if you've really won the way you say you have, you've got a strong and clear-cut case." Brownell foresaw that a controlled Mineral Wells convention would give all votes to Taft. And he also foresaw that the moral issue growing out of that would in the end win the delegates and the nomination for Eisenhower.

During the campaign for election Brownell apparently played an inconspicuous part. But on the two occasions when real judgment and decision were called for, he was there. When the Nixon case broke, Eisenhower was in Missouri, Brownell in New York. Brownell flew to St. Louis, made his way almost unnoticed into Eisenhower's quarters on the campaign train and conferred with him for two hours just before dawn. When he left, the handling of the case had been decided. In the final two weeks of the campaign, when it appeared that Stevenson was steadily gaining and Eisenhower slipping, Brownell put his finger on the vital point. He told a conference of advisers and speechwriters that Korea was the most important issue and that the campaign should give it proper emphasis.

An account of Brownell's part in securing the nomination explains at least partially the source of his power. Eisenhower relies on Brownell. This reliance is based on Brownell's qualities of intelligence, good judgment and concentration, and his abilities as an organizer and patronage-dispenser, or personnel manager.

Another great aspect of Brownell's power lies in the office he is about to assume. The attorney generalship, at this point in American history, is more important than it has ever been. Brownell will be faced with a legal legacy, a body of thought and feeling, built up during 20 years of Democratic administration. At this moment, enormous antitrust actions—the Du Pont case, the oil cartel case, the Wall Street bankers' case—are in process. Brownell has the power to prosecute them—and the equally significant power *not* to prosecute them. His decisions can have an incalculable effect on both the facts and the spirit of the American economy. Brownell will also have the power to appoint some 1,000-odd U.S. attorneys, to pass on candidates for federal judgeships, to supervise the operations of the FBI, to press or quash tax cases and to control the flow of immigration. In addition, he will be responsible for cleaning up corruption in the government, notably in the Bureau of Internal Revenue. In regard to the latter, he can certainly be expected to be implacable. What he will do in other matters can only be guessed at on the basis of his publicly revealed qualities and the private qualities that are known only to his friends.

His friends think of Brownell as a wholly honest and incorruptible man, as do his enemies, but are quick to point out that he is not priggish about it. He likes parties and he likes bourbon whisky, and on very small provocation will burst into loud and not-very-musical song, such as "Sing to the colors that float in the light! Hurrah for the Scarlet and Cream!" the song of the University of

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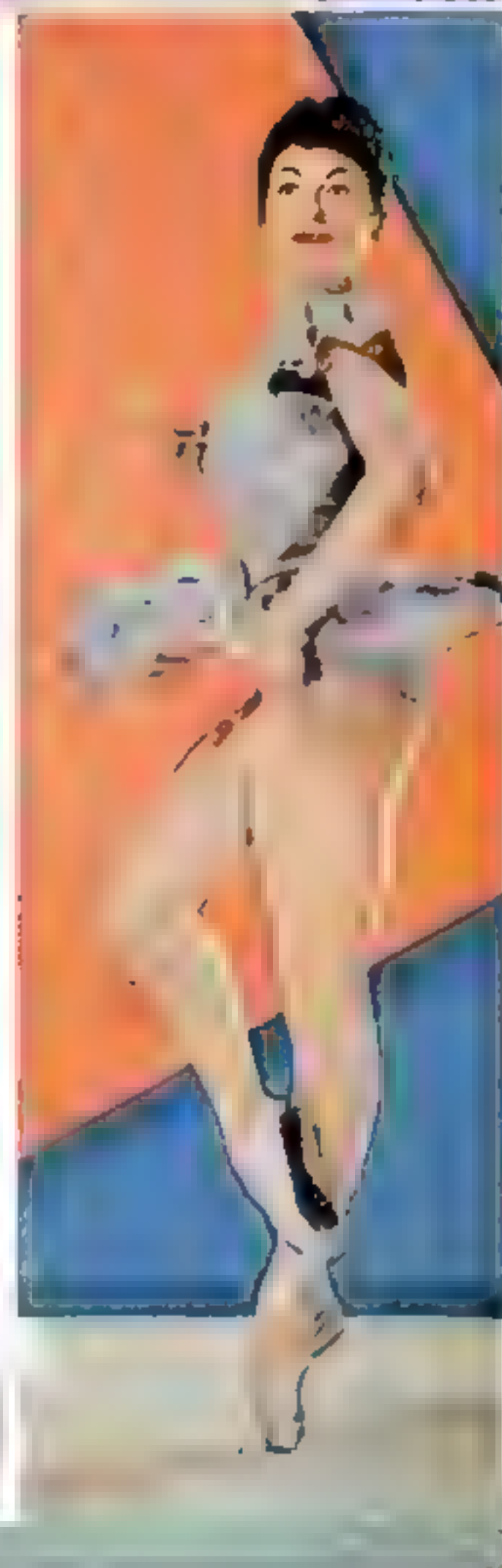
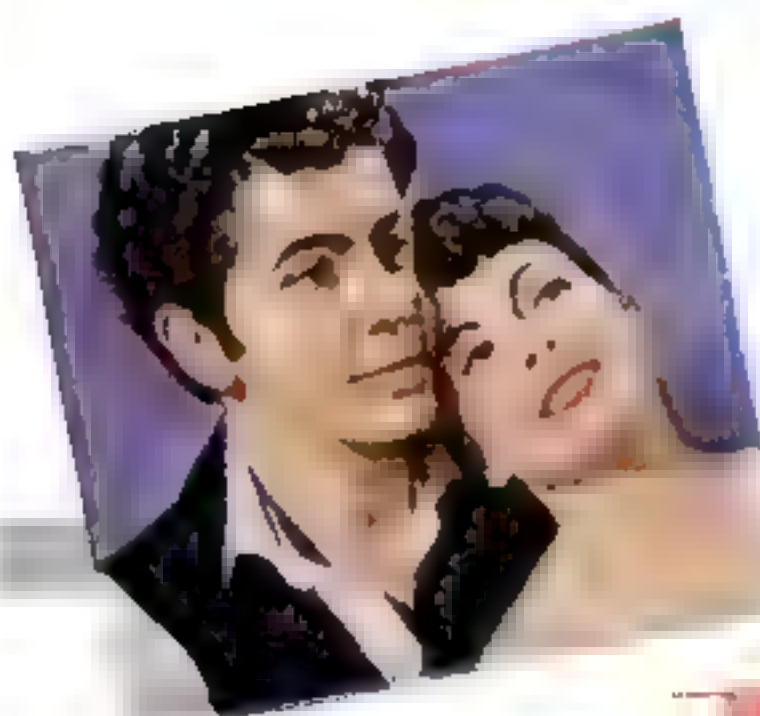


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EISENHOWER'S RIGHT HAND CONTINUED

Nebraska. He likes baseball and for some years has had a box at Yankee Stadium. He takes winter vacations at a ranch in Oracle, Ariz., is considered a fair horseman by the ranch hands and a good shot with the rifle when hunting javelinas, or wild pigs.

He is a devoted family man. He met his wife, a Texan named Doris McCarter, at a Methodist church dance in New York in 1933 and married her in 1934. They have four children: Joan, 16, Ann, 14, Tom, 12, and Jim, 9, and live in a big, comfortable house near Gramercy Park in Manhattan.

Brownell has a quiet, almost imperceptible sense of humor and, as often as not, laughs at himself. Two weeks before the 1948 elections he was seized with the feeling that Dewey was not really a shoo-in and spent a long time on the telephone placing calls to Republican leaders throughout the country, recording their remarks on tape. "Great!" said the bosses "Tremendous! Can't lose. Don't change a thing. Keep right on the way you're going." Many times after the defeat Brownell, with a sardonic smile, got out the tapes and played them to his friends. But when the Republican leaders turned on him and accused him of having botched the campaign, Brownell refrained from playing the tapes to them.

One fact about Brownell troubles some of his friends. He has traveled little and has never taken an interest in foreign policy. Ordinarily that would be of little consequence in an attorney general, but not in one who has Brownell's power. "I've known him for 20 years," remarked a prominent New York judge, "and we have never discussed foreign affairs." Brownell can assimilate facts very rapidly, but his roots return to a part of the nation where isolationism and a fondness for high tariffs were long prominent. His friends would be happier if this were not so.

His law partners consider him a truly fine legal mind and view his resignation from the firm with real sorrow. Some of them are Democrats—one, in fact, ran against Brownell for the legislature in the '30s and was beaten by him—but feel that as long as the Republicans must take power, Brownell is an excellent man to wield it. "Sure, he's ingenious politically," said one of them, "and goes through all sorts of intermediate steps to achieve an ultimate end, but I don't think he's ruthless." The partners are wary of forecasting Brownell's attitude toward the antitrust cases, but they will say, "If Herb thinks he ought to drop the Du Pont case, after studying it, and even though he knows the Democrats will make political capital of it, he'll still drop it. He'll do it in a way that will cause the least repercussion politically, but he'll be swayed in his decision only by the legal reasons of the case."

There is no tidy way of summing up the man who is the second most powerful in the U.S. All his qualities must be weighed at once, in the manner Brownell himself employs. But probably the nation will have plenty of time to do it. When Brownell started to work on the 10th district in New York, it was Democratic. It became Republican. It is still Republican. When Brownell began to work with Dewey on New York state, it was Democratic. It became Republican. It is still Republican. Just now, Brownell is working on the nation.



BROWNELL'S RIGHT HAND will be Assistant Attorney General William P. Rogers, whom he congratulates here. Rogers helped unearth mink coat scandals and Reds in administration, will be chief prosecutor after Jan. 20.



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IN A TOY TRAIN children take quarter-mile ride, twice around the cafeteria. Train was lent by amusement park in return for Bausch and Lomb overhaul job.



CLOWN DIVES THROUGH A HOOP READING "MERRY CHRISTMAS KIDDIES"

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Even though he may feel extra jolly and Dickensian, the average adult will not really want more than three or four children around to supply merriment for his Christmas party—and at that he will expect some breakage and some tears. Only the foolhardy would tackle a party like the one the Bausch and Lomb Optical Company of Rochester threw for employees and their children this Christmas season. The company expected 6,500 guests, 3,000 of them under 10 years old. It planned a nearly real train to shunt the youngsters over 600 feet of track; a real zoo with a bear, leopard, monkeys and owls; merry-go-rounds and movies; acrobats, clowns and, of course, a live Santa Claus. It was this gentleman's staggering mission to dish out 710 presents to children 2 through 4 and record



TOURING THE ZOO, two children peer at parakeets. Children also gave \$100 in pennies toward the purchase of a leopard for Rochester's Seneca Park Zoo.



AS SOLDIERS HOLD BACK CROWD IN ROOM DECORATED WITH SNOWMEN

Children a Treat

A NEW GOOD-BEHAVIOR RECORD

their Christmas wishes. The whole thing looked like a blueprint for chaos.

Instead, it was both orderly and a whopping success. There were, to be sure, exhausted parents draped here and there, and Christmas carols were occasionally interrupted by announcements like "Your attention please. Joey Taylor has lost his grandfather. Will he please come to the zoo." But the moppets themselves were models of deportment. They loved the rides, littered the floor with paper and, after three hours, went home dangling from their parents' shoulders. Sighing with relief, the Bausch and Lomb people surveyed the shambles in their half-acre plant cafeteria and totted up the effort that had made the party possible: seven months of planning, 200 volunteer workers, 5,000 hours of work.



TOURING THE PARTY, Santa Claus rides on a tow-truck. Even his own daughter did not guess that he was Joe Taylor, son of the company's president.



ON SANTA'S THRONE as the party begins to break up, Mike McNulty, 3, clutches his cotton candy and takes last look at the departing kids and parents.



A FRENZY IN FEATHERS

This frantic vertical flurry of pheasants was some of 84,882 Chinese ring-necked cocks provided by the California Department of Fish and Game to give the state's 200,000 licensed hunters a made-to-order shooting season. Raised at a cost of about \$2.30 each, the birds were cooped and trucked to one of the state's 15

"cooperative hunting areas" just before the hunting season opened. According to a department expert on pheasant habits, they made an explosive straight-up take-off partly because they were coming out of coops and partly because, being in unfamiliar territory, they needed altitude before deciding which way to go.

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